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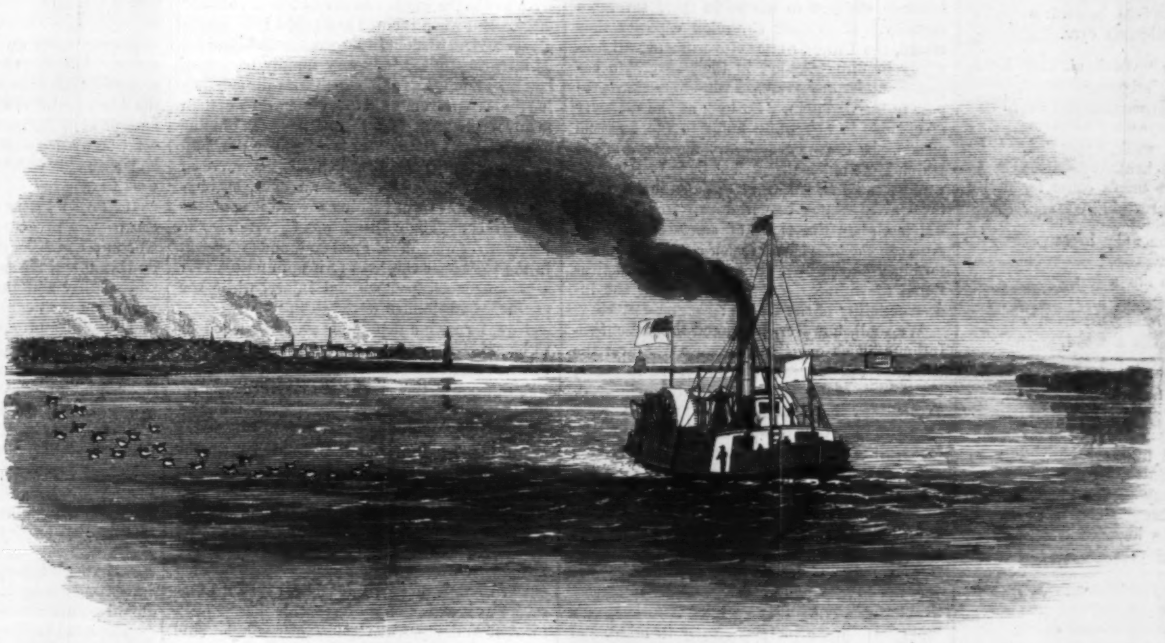


THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT "BEAUREGARD," WITH SAVANNAH IN THE DISTANCE.—[Sketched by William Waud.]

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

In accordance with a special arrangement recently brought about for the mutual exchange of all the sick and invalid prisoners on either side, Colonel Mulford, with fifteen transports laden with rebel prisoners, arrived at Fort Pulaski November 11. The number of rebel prisoners conveyed South in this first installment was 3200.—The transfer of these prisoners took place in the Savannah River, between Savannah and Fort Pulaski. The day after his arrival Capt. Hatch, the Confederate Commissioner, accompanied by the Richmond Ambulance Committee and a number of surgeons, left Savannah in the early morning, taking with him four transports, viz., the *Beauregard*, *General Lee*, *Swan*, and *Ida*.—The convalescents, numbering 2000, were first removed from our transports. Three hundred of the prisoners were very sick, and had suffered greatly on the voyage. Our prisoners subject to exchange under this arrangement were to be delivered on the 15th. The whole number to be exchanged is ten thousand, but there will be considerable delay in effecting the transfer, on account of the deficiency of the rebel means of transportation both by land and water. The rest of the rebel prisoners will be delivered at City Point, on the James River, this measure having been adopted for the comfort of those who are so ill that the voyage by sea might prove fatal.

In regard to the exchange the *Times* correspondent says: "The particularly striking feature of the scene, to my eye, was the grotesque appearance of the rebel steamers, especially the *Swan* and the *General Lee*. Both vessels are great slab-sided, flat-bottomed affairs, like unsightly houses washed from their foundations, having three rudders to guide them, on account of their lightness of draught. A spectator at a distance, without being blessed with a lively imagination, might have supposed these queer specimens of naval architecture to be floating hearses, the illusion being fostered by the funeral-like plumes of Cimmerian smoke which waved from their slender chimneys. But the crowds inside showed uproarious life, instead of death. A merrier set of invalids were never got together than those freed rebels who were crammed on board the steamers, and fringed the low guards of the vessels with dangling legs, almost dipping into the water through the hilarious carelessness of their owners. They went off up the river, yelling their peculiar mule-like cry which passes for a cheer, with their ill-omened flag waving over them, leaving the proud banner of freedom behind, the love of which, for a time, at least, they have madly rejected."

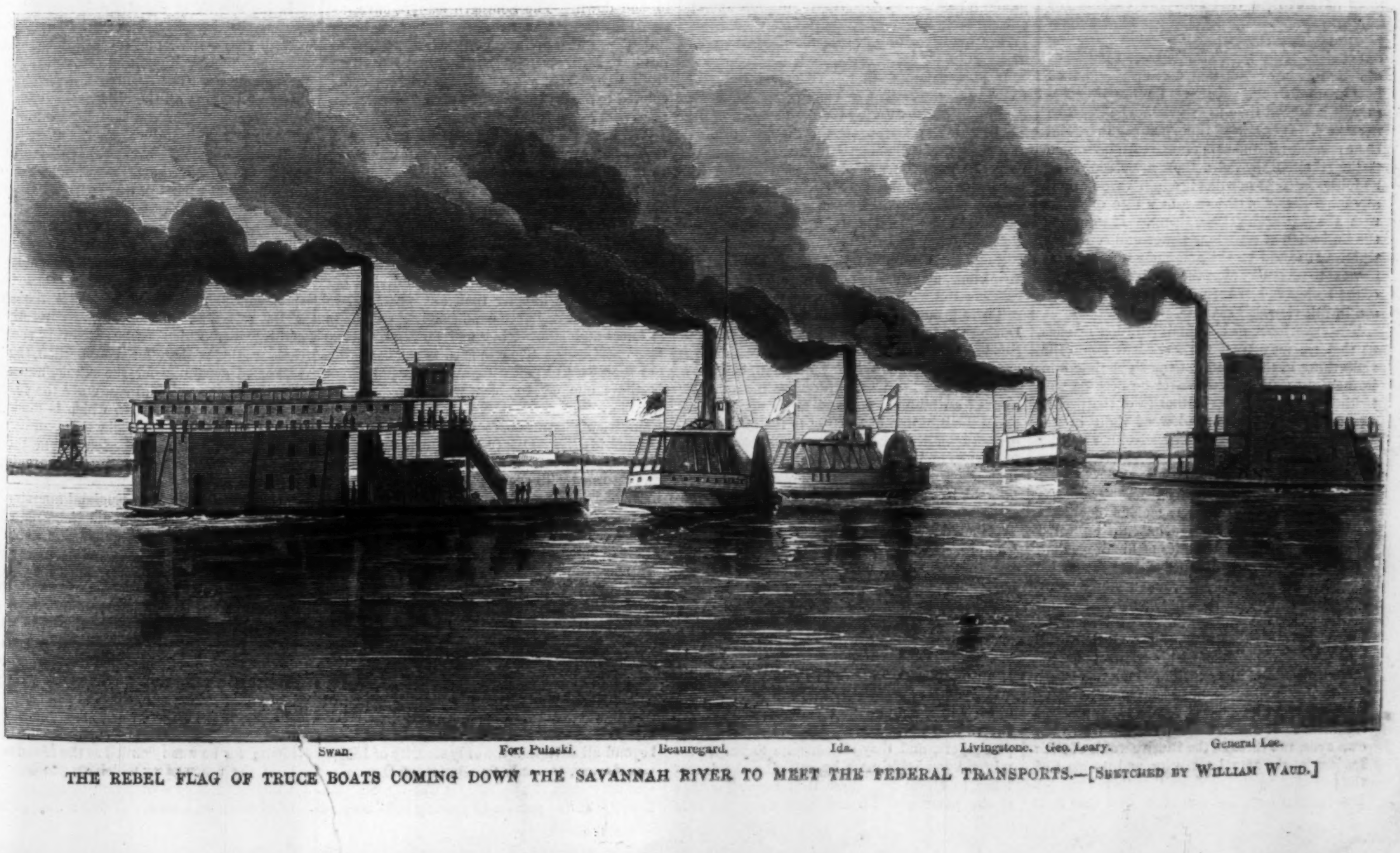
Little more than a week previous to Mulford's arrival at Savannah the *Island City* had gone to that point to make the preliminary arrangements, and had delivered nearly 350 boxes for our prisoners, together with clothing and blankets to the value of $26,000. This was in accordance with the arrangements entered into by Generals Grant and Lee, for the benefit both of Federal and Confederate prisoners.

MARTINSBURG.

Martinsburg, Virginia, of which town we give sketches on page 781, is the capital of Berkley County, and is situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In 1850 this town had a population of over 2000 souls. Its situation has rendered it a peculiarly undesirable place of residence, and especially so during the last few months, when its streets have been trampled now by the rough riders of the Confederate cavalry, and then again by the Federal troops of Sheridan's army. Before Early's advance in the summer Martinsburg was an important military dépôt. It is at present the dépôt of General Sheridan's army, and is under the military governorship of Brigadier-General Seward, son of the Secretary of State.

The principal sketch is a view of the square at the junction of King and Queen streets, the building with the tower being the Court-house, now used as the provost marshal's office. Opposite to it is a house belonging to Colonel Hoge, of the rebel army, occupied as head-quarters by General Seward. Every street is barricaded, so that the place is quite an incipient fortress, and secure against Mosby's and Imboden's attacks. The ruins of the dépôt buildings, and of houses burned in former attacks upon the town, give the usual air of desolation seen in border towns.

Martinsburg is several miles in the rear of General Sheridan's army, and is situated about twenty miles northwest of Harper's Ferry.



THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOATS COMING DOWN THE SAVANNAH RIVER TO MEET THE FEDERAL TRANSPORTS.—[Sketched by William Waud.]

THANKSGIVING.

THE feast of plenty comes once more,
The turkey, king of birds,
The beef, that bursts in every pore
With fatness of the herds,
And bulbous roots, white, golden, red,
And quaking jellies clear,
And lidless pies, with dotted eyes,
Crowd and complete the cheer.

The sun has kept its ripening glow,
The earth its yielding will,
The fruits have not forgot to grow,
The yellow grain to fill;
The rain has fallen from the cloud,
The wind come from the east,
The dew has shared, the blight has spared
Its force to crown the feast.

The grandsire takes the fireward seat,
The sire controls the cheer,
The mother rules below where sweet
The little ones are near;
And the tall grandson sits between,
Close to his manhood's prize,
Whose spirit seems to float in dreams
Drawn from the children's eyes.

The white head bends: "We thank Thee, Lord,
For life, and plenty's boon,
For triumph that shall sheathe the sword
In peace and union soon;
Sustain the poor, the weak, oppressed,
The broken-hearted heal,
And through all ways man's cause for praise
To Thee, O Lord, reveal!"

Then passes round the flaky breast,
The wish-bone is a prize,
The drumstick rattles out a jest,
With wings the laughter flies;
The mottled beef has stanchest friends
Whom mustard makes not sad,
The gravies run for very fun
Down white-bibbed bosoms glad.

The juicy plums are slyly sought
To help the failing taste;
With double-kerneled nuts are bought
The gifts of thoughtless haste;
The talk subsides, they pledge the day
In glass of home-brewed cheer,
The feast is done, the happiest one
Of all the thankful year.

O Father! hear the grandsire's prayer,
And shed from heaven above,
Round feasts that have a vacant chair,
The mercy of Thy love;
And if the form that filled it once
Be hid 'neath battle-field,
Throw wide the skies to thankful eyes,
And bid it be revealed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

PEACE.

THE air is full of rumors of peace. It has been so at intervals from the beginning, and will be so to the end of the war. Nothing was more natural than that after the election the blowers of rumors should take out their longest pipes and blow the largest and most glittering of bubbles. Nothing also was truer than General BUTLER's remark that, having ascertained how unanimous the country is for war if necessary, it is a good time to ascertain whether it be necessary. It is a good time, because there can be no possible misunderstanding. An invitation to the rebels to lay down their arms could not be misinterpreted now, as it might have been at any other period of the war, as a sign of doubt upon the part of the Government. It would be the indication of conscious power and conscious right. It would be the summons to a doomed fortress to surrender after the irresistible strength of the besiegers had been displayed to the garrison in full view.

The experience of his administration teaches us that we may trust the President to do the right thing in this matter at the right time and in the right way. In whatever he does he will neither compromise the authority of the people nor acknowledge any shadow of right in the theory or fact of the rebellion. Neither will he do any thing impatiently or passionately. There is nothing finer in his whole career than his passionless but unswerving patriotism. There has been no self-seeking, and a sagacious independence in all his actions. He has not hesitated to alienate at times all parties of his immediate adherents, whenever his sense of duty demanded it, secure always of the permanent approval of the people. Our history does not furnish his master as a statesman.

It is probable that in his Message there will be a frank expression of his views upon the present aspect of the rebellion, and very possibly a direct appeal to the insurgent section of the country, bidding the rebels to ponder the significance of the election; to look with their own eyes, not through the illusive words of their leaders, at the actual condition and prospect of the rebellion, assuring them that their loyal fellow-citizens have but one wish, and that is to live peaceably with them under a common Government, and but one determination—that they will do so.

The conditions of peace are to-day what they have always been. They are the same for every man and party in every part of the country. They are submission to the laws and acts in pursuance of the Constitution. If any citizen doubts whether the Confiscation act or the Emancipation proclamation are Constitutional, the President has already referred the question to the Supreme Court. As to "terms" in regard to the rebel leaders, the American people will undoubtedly require that, at the least, they shall be forever ineligible as citizens.

Of course the Government of the people must determine when it is satisfied that any State has resumed its proper relations in the Union. It can not be enough that the State says so. It can not be enough that it goes through the forms of an election. The Government will, of necessity, hold every part of the rebel section which it recovers until it is perfectly assured that the national peace would not be endangered by relinquishing it. The insurgent States, for instance, claimed to secede in their sovereign capacity. If in their sovereign capacity they return, the United States Government will naturally inquire whether, in their sovereign capacity, under any pretense whatever, they propose to secede again. So long as the majority of citizens in any State holds to the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty, the peace of the Union is as much threatened by it as Pennsylvania was by LEE's army. Can the forces of the United States be withdrawn from a State which claims the right of secession at will? And can the existence of such a majority be determined except by a fair vote upon a constitutional amendment, expressly affirming the indestructibility of the Union?

We shall, however, be spared the present solution of such questions, because whatever the action of our Government in regard to peace, the attitude of the rebels will remain unchanged. While they have any effective military force they will hear only of war. When that force is broken, the anarchy into which the rebel section must surely fall will make the presence of the United States arms a necessity until society can be reconstructed. It is useless, says the President, to jump before you reach the stream. Be ready to leap when you are there. Great questions of policy which perplex us in advance are very apt to present themselves finally in a practicable form. All that we need is to keep certain controlling principles clearly in mind, and as fast as possible adapt our policy to them. Conscious of wishing for honorable peace, and taught by our experience and by reason upon what terms peace can be permanent, we may tranquilly await the opportunity which the rebels alone can furnish.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE whole system of railroad travel in this country is disgraceful; and we propose, in this and subsequent articles, to show in what ways it might be improved. We do not rely upon any appeal to the managers of the roads. They may be privately very respectable gentlemen, but as a body they certainly feel no adequate public responsibility as conveyers of passengers; and we look therefore to the people themselves in the Legislatures to apply the needful remedies.

It is understood that the Central Railroad Company—the great Company of the State—is coming to Albany during the next session of the Legislature to ask leave to raise the rates of fare. If it comes, it will come, of course, prepared to carry its point by the usual means. But we hope there will be good sense and courage enough among the legislators to make the grant of power conditional upon the reformation of abuses. That was the way the English people two and three hundred years ago used to treat *their* kings, and there is no reason why we should be less strict with ours.

There is one good example to this very point. During the last session, we believe, the Central Road applied for some fresh privilege, which was granted. But some thirsty statesman, who may have suffered upon an express train from the want of an innocent coolness in his mouth, procured the insertion of a clause in the bill that in every car of every train there should be a jar of ice-water, under a penalty of fifty dollars, and that the suit against the Company might be brought in any county of the State. How the royal board of managers must have laughed! For they knew, sagacious souls, that the American citizen would go forever parched and panting, in the hottest dog-days, to and from Albany and Buffalo, and die of thirst rather than enter a complaint.

And here is the difficulty in reforming the abuses of railroad travel, and all other, that the people themselves are so pusillanimous. If an omnibus is intended to carry twelve, and a thirteenth man unfairly and selfishly presents himself at the door, there is seldom one of the twelve who dares insist upon the rights of the passengers, and they all conspire to put a premium upon selfishness by suffering the interloper to crowd in. Now it is very clear that if the passengers do not insist upon the rule the proprietors will not. ROSS BROWNE somewhere says that when he was one of nine guests stowed into one bed together at a Western inn the landlord brought a tenth, and when BROWNE plaintively pleaded that they were tolerably full he was sternly denounced by the host as a haughty and unsocial being. By this time, doubtless, that host is the model president or superintendent of a grand central railroad, offering every inducement for enlightened travelers to prefer it to all other tedious, dangerous, and connection-missing routes.

There surely is nothing surly in insisting upon obvious rights; and it is only fair that the Legislatures should try to help people help themselves in the matter of comfort and safety in travel.

The general railway massacre that is taking place in the country is certainly the business of somebody; and of whom can it be so much the interest as the public themselves? The travel was never so great; the trains never so full; and every body departs upon his journey with a vague fear that it may be his last. It is true, as we said two or three weeks ago, that the proportion of lives lost to the whole number of travelers is not large. But when it could and ought to be smaller, there is no wisdom in suggesting that it might be larger. Indeed it is very rapidly becoming larger; and the loss of life upon our railroads during the last twelvemonth is very much greater than in any recent year. Last week, upon the old line of the Central Railroad, near Auburn, the mail passenger train, thundering around a curve at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, encountered a freight train rushing toward it upon the same track. The collision was frightful. The locomotives were lifted upon end, and every seat in the passenger cars was torn up, and scarcely a passenger escaped without injury, while the engineer and firemen were killed.

Now, for such a deplorable event somebody is to blame. It is said that the guilty person in this instance is the engineer of the freight train, who ran out of time. But if every engineer on the Central Road knew that if he ran out of time, under any excuse whatever, he would inevitably lose his place and be disgraced, whether any disaster followed or not, there would be no running out of time, and the slaughter that we have described would not have occurred. The probability is that the engineer of the freight train has before run out of his time, and has not been rebuked. The penalty of running out of time, if no accident ensues, should be as severe as it can lawfully be made. The punishment of so doing, when loss of life results, should be that of murder.

When the Central Road appears at the bar of the House we hope New York will make a beginning in providing for the safety and comfort of the public. Next week we shall resume the subject with some practical suggestions.

THE END OF REBEL LOGIC.

THE inevitable question of the rebellion at length openly confronts the rebels. What shall be done with the slaves? Shall they be sent into the field to fight for the "Confederacy," or shall they be kept to digging? and if they fight shall they be free?

The whole logic of the Southern system has broken down. The Southern leaders have insisted for many a year that the "peculiar institution" was also divine; and their Northern allies have lustily echoed the great and refreshing truth that, Canaan having been cursed, every colored baby was intended by divine beneficence to be sold like a sucking pig.

We have been listening now for many years to the noble doctrine that the system of slavery in our Southern States was God's appointment for the African race, and for all admixture of the European and American races with the African; that to question its benefit or beauty was to blaspheme God and his laws, and to presume to be wiser than the heavenly intelligence. Nor this alone. Not only was the system divine, but the slaves were happier than any peasantry in the world. They were comfortably cared for in sickness and age. They had no anxieties, no responsibilities. They danced to the banjo under the peaceful palmetto, and, if we only knew it, the name of happiness was Slavery in the Southern States. Travelers from foreign lands went from plantation to plantation and found the life idyllic. Dainty ladies went from New York to pass winters with their planting friends, and returned with the rosiest romances of the felicity of Dinah and Sambo in their cunning little cabins. Every thing was lovely in the world except the dark and dreadful theory of the right of every man to himself and his own labor. Every body who did not own slaves was tolerable if he only wished that he owned some. But whoever denounced Slavery as a wrong to human nature, and an inevitable peril to the country, he was an awful monster in human form, he was the opposite of "a gentleman"—he was an abolitionist.

To defend and perpetuate the divine institution it was made the head of the corner of the new nation of "the South." We were to see beyond all cavil that the only security of Liberty was slavery, the only foundation of Democracy was despotism, the only Right was Wrong. Unhappily, in the process of proving it, it becomes pretty clear that the proof will fail unless the slaves are summoned to the field. But they must be stimulated to fight, and the inspiration is to be the "boon of freedom." In other words, the structure can not be raised without knocking away the corner-stone! And the whole ghastly lie from which this infamous rebellion springs stands revealed.

The rebels propose to free the slaves if they will fight. But what "boon" can freedom be to Sambo and Dinah, who are so delightfully content in the cunning cabin? The rebellion is to preserve the cabin. Why then hope to stimulate the happy peasants to fight by promising them that the system for whose protection they are to take arms, and which secures their happiness, is to be destroyed as their reward? Logic requires DAVIS and the other slave-drivers to say, "Here, boys! God, you know, made you to be slaves, and we are fighting to keep you so. But the fight is a little hard. We are not altogether successful. So just turn to, take a brisk part in the fight for the perpetuity of slavery; and as you are all so happy and contented, and as it is the intention of Providence that you shall be slaves, we promise you if you will only fight bravely you shall be more slaves than ever. We will not fly in the face of Providence. Where you have had only one child sold you shall have all your children put up on the block; and where you have been paddled and pickled between the shoulders only, you shall be whaled over the whole back. Fall in, boys; and strike home against the enemies who wish to oppose God and set you free."

If Slavery be, as the rebels and their Northern friends have so persistently assured us, the true and Christian disposition of the negro, why do DAVIS and his associates presume to outrage Christianity and thwart the divine purpose by promising the negro his liberty, if he will fight? We generally promise rewards not penalties to those whom we wish to win.

The whole debate, the proposition to give the slave who will fight the "boon of freedom," shows that the rebels know, with all the rest of mankind, that their system is inhuman and infamous. When they wish to make the slave a man they promise him his liberty, because they know that liberty is his birthright, and that they have deprived him of it. Out of their own mouths they are condemned. Their own action is the justification of every American citizen who has contended that, as Slavery was a fatal and increasing wrong, it was the necessary foe of national peace.

The rebel brethren are not harmonious upon the question. Some of the newspapers point out the absurd inconsistency of implying that Slavery can be wrong. But the official language of DAVIS is enough. If they intend to continue the war, they must arm the slaves. They know, as we do, that the slaves perfectly understand the war. They know, as we do, that if they are armed, they will have their liberty. They make, therefore, a grace of necessity; and in the hopeless effort to save a point of shallow pride they renounce the great object of their rebellion, and by their own act give the victory to the nation and civilization.

THE POSITION OF NEW YORK.

IN his speech at the Astor House the other evening the Governor elect, Mr. FENTON, said: "With your counsel and co-operation, and with the counsel and co-operation of the loyal people throughout the State (which I hope embraces the large mass of all the citizens), I intend that New York hereafter shall occupy no hesitating or equivocal position."

To that sentiment every faithful citizen will say, Amen! For the State of New York has too long been a base of disloyal sympathy, and so long as the present Governor was in office the rebel leaders had a right to hope that something might "turn up" to their advantage.

The reason of this confidence upon their part was that Governor SEYMOUR belongs to the state sovereignty school, which is the excuse of the rebellion. Whoever has carefully read and considered his speeches sees very soon that their studied apology for the rebellion, their unconcealed sympathy for the rebels, and steady hostility to the national cause are the result of a fierceness of party-spirit, which is made ludicrous by the attempt to make it appear calm and impartial, and of an adhesion to the fatal absurdity of state sovereignty, which makes the Union impossible.

Descended from New England ancestry, Governor SEYMOUR's monomania is hatred of New England. Incessantly dubbed statesman by a clique of his party, he has administered the Government of the State of New York for two years in such a way as to excite the hopes of every domestic rebel and foreign enemy of the country; and his defeat, no less than the election of Mr. LINCOLN, will be accepted by Europe as an expression of the fixed resolution of the American people to make no terms with rebellion. Two years ago, upon his accession to office, his first message was looked for in Europe with scarcely less interest than that of the President; for he was regarded as the Magnus Apollo of the peace party which was to humble the United States by submission to separation or to rebel terms of Union. It was a disappointment to his friends and to our enemies that he did not recall the New York troops from the army; and from that moment down to the election the complaint of his friends has been that he had not the courage of his convictions.

Yet it might have satisfied them that he has incessantly thwarted the National Government whenever and wherever he could. He has complained of the drafts; he has incited riots; he has betrayed ill-feeling upon every occasion, as in his recent Proclamation for Thanksgiving; he has never showed a single spark of sympathy for his country and her trials, but has perpetually bewailed the loss of life and money, as if no cause were sacred enough to be worth a sacrifice. In his Chicago speech he was guilty of the most flagrant misrepresentation of history, and betrayed the most total misconception of the character and purpose of the people, and by the late election he has been doubly rebuked.

Yet it was not enough. He has dissatisfied his "friends" by not trying openly to array the State of New York against the National Government, as he has alienated all faithful citizens by evidently wishing to do it. His own party were indignant with him for what they called juggling himself into the nomination—and he falls, baffled, without a solitary patriotic or generous act to mark his administration, without the sympathy of his friends, and with the hearty contempt of his opponents.

As he disappears from the scene how refreshing to hear from the lips of his successor, the President of the Soldiers' Relief Association, that New York shall hereafter occupy no hesitating or equivocal position. The motto of the Empire State is *Excelsior*—higher! And *excelsior* may she always be in patriotism, intelligence, and humanity.

THANKSGIVING

The American people have this year such reason as they never had before to give humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God, and Mr Nast has well depicted in the striking picture we publish to-day the various aspects of the festival.

First of all by a singular unanimity the people have resolved that the authority of their Government and the order of civil society shall be maintained, and have expressed their will by the reelection of the President whose name is identified with the defense of the Union and the perpetuity of the American principle.

They have proclaimed their unshaken reliance upon the faithful army and navy of the United States, the practical vindicators of the national honor and authority.

They renew their gratitude for the great and necessary Peace Commissioners who lead the army and the navy, and whose names are no less precious for their lofty patriotism than historical for their consummate ability. Grant and Farragut Sherman and Porter, Du Pont and Butler, with their illustrious brethren, will be honorably and gratefully remembered so long as we are a nation.

They thank God that the great State of Maryland, torn by civil war, has deliberately renounced the system from which all our woes have sprung, and has led the march of the Slave States in the path of equal liberty and justice, the way of permanent peace

They thank God for the patriotic devotion of the hearts that the war has broken, and which, in the depths of their sorrow, are still grateful that they were made the parents and wives and sisters and lovers and brothers of heroes, and not of cowards—heroes whose memory shall not die while human hearts beat or the flag of the nation floats.

They thank God that the defeat of rebels and the consternation of foreign foes foretell the triumph from which peace and prosperity shall flow

Not in foolish pride not in hot confidence of sudden victory, but in the calm consciousness of a holy and impregnable purpose, the people of the United States, counting the cost, faithful to the dead and to the living, will celebrate their Thanksgiving with sober and religious hearts

THE BIRD OF AMERICA.

Theoretically it is the eagle; but it is the turkey that enables the eagle to fly. There has been no pleasanter incident than the heartiness with which the suggestion of a Thanksgiving dinner for the army and navy has been received Every body has contributed that the soldiers and sailors may have practical proof—if they were not already sure—of the sympathy of their friends at home. The only regret is that Sherman's boys can not share in the feast, but must eat their sweet-potatoes without the turkey and the chicken fixin's.

Our artist, Mr. Homer, has seized the spirit of the scene as it will be witnessed along the lines. The boys will not stand upon the order of their eating, but will eat at once. And they may be sure that in a thousand homes they will be

"In our flowing cups freshly remembered,"

and cheered with three times three. The universal Thanksgiving turkey shall be seasoned with many a tale of heroism, and the cheerful feeling of the old festival bind us as warmly and closely together as the whole family of the Union will, by the persuasion of the camp and the ship, be one day bound.

PETROLEUM.

Our readers will find elsewhere an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. Daniel S. Dickinson is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their prospectus speaks frankly and fairly; and the name of Mr. Dickinson, who has, we believe, for the first time associated his name with the enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The popular interest in General Sherman's new campaign is of the most absorbing kind. An ordinary victory, or even a considerable reverse, is not sufficient to divert the attention even for a moment from the grand topic. Plymouth is recaptured, one of the most formidable of the rebel iron-clads is blown up by a torpedo, and the waters of an entire Sound made in consequence an undisputed Federal possession; another vessel, more to be feared than any other which has threatened our commerce, is taken directly under the guns of a friendly Power; General Gillem gains a victory and suffers a reverse; ten thousand of our suffering soldiers are released from the well-known barbarities of Southern prisons: yet these events form but episodes, or interludes, in the great military drama, which, though only just beginning to be developed, maintains, in spite of all these incidents, favorable or unfavorable, its hold on the popular expectation. Even the Armies of the Potomac and the James would be able by nothing short of the capture of Petersburg or Richmond to alienate, even for a single day, that interest which has been fixed upon the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

The Richmond correspondent of the *London Times* a short time since declared that Lee was utterly powerless by assuming the aggressive to turn the tide which was setting in against the Confederacy. He is shut out from the possibility of making even a military experiment: he "can not afford to hazard even twenty lives in a tentative operation." While Grant may rest his army for any number of days fearless of attack, Lee *must* keep his in the trenches along an extended line, forever expecting attack at every point, and, therefore, by this perpetual watch forever kept from relaxation. To Hood, therefore, he said, must be confided the salvation of the Confederacy. He, the master of experiments, must inaugurate an experiment of such vastness and audacity as to unseat Sherman at Atlanta and reverse the line of conquest in the West.

And just this was what the rebels attempted to accomplish. Mr. Davis made a tour through Georgia to awaken that State to a sense of the situation; and as an evidence that he did not lack spirit for this task he ventured at Macon to call the Georgian Governor a "miserable scoundrel" under his very nose; and as proof of his confidence in Confederate resources he cited with becoming commendation the examples of mothers who had devoted their infant sons prospectively to the great struggle. Just upon his heels came Beauregard, whose motto is "Forward," to assume the command of Hood's already advancing army. The Confederate army—cavalry and infantry—pushed northward. One campaign had been ended when Atlanta was taken: now another campaign was begun for the purpose of disturbing Sherman's communications with Atlanta. This new campaign issued unfavorably to the Confederates: Forrest was compelled to recross the Tennessee, and Hood, failing in his attempt on Allatoona, was pushed westward toward the Mississippi; and Sherman's railroad communications, a few slight damages having been repaired, were as intact as they ever had been. These communications were of importance to Sherman, and it was only because these had been threatened that Sherman had marched northward at all. He wanted the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta for a specific object; that object was accomplished so soon as he had had forwarded to Atlanta supplies sufficient for an advance southward which he had planned weeks before. So long he held his army covering the railroad. In spite of Hood and Beauregard he accomplished his object and got his supplies. Then he no longer cared either for the railroad or for Atlanta; indeed, he proceeded forthwith to destroy the one and burn the other. The campaign which Hood had forced upon him was now at an end, and it had for him ended successfully. Hood's longer stay in the North was now a matter of as little concern to him as was Price's invasion of Missouri, or any other daring project which Beauregard might have undertaken. As a matter of course there must be a force to take care of Beauregard, just as there must have been to take care of Price. This led him to detach the Army of the Ohio from his own. He then began his third campaign. His first had been for Atlanta; his second for supplies; his third was the continuation southward and eastward of the line of conquest which he had extended so far in the months of May, June, and July. He had hardly hoped that the only army which could possibly contest his advance would be so punctiliously considerate in his behalf as to assume and remain in a position hundreds of miles in his rear. But so it happened. And thus we have now two separate campaigns going on in the West and South—one that contested between Thomas and Beauregard, the other that of General Sherman against the railroads, arsenals, and strong-holds of those Southern States which have hitherto enjoyed a privileged immunity from the horrors of war

By Hood's mistake in sending Wheeler north Sherman was helped into Atlanta; when Hood's entire army marched into Northern Alabama he made a similar mistake on a much grander scale. Already do the Richmond journals begin to complain that Wheeler was not kept close enough on Sherman's line.

The facts of Sherman's march, so far as known, are these:

On the 9th of November Slocum's Corps, with a division of Kilpatrick's cavalry, started from Atlanta, it is supposed toward Macon, to be followed by Jefferson C. Davis with the Fourteenth Corps. On the same day the Army of the Tennessee—the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth corps—under General Howard, left Kingston, destroying the railroad on its way. On the 11th the bridge over the Etowah was destroyed. On the arrival of this column at Atlanta all the property that could be of use to the enemy in that city was burned, and the Army of the Tennessee, on the 12th, abandoned Atlanta, following the Army of the Cumberland. Before Slocum had entirely evacuated the city on the 9th he was attacked by rebel cavalry under Iverson, who was severely punished. Rome was burned on the 10th by General Corse, commanding the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps. Nearly a million of dollars' worth of property was destroyed by Corse on account of the lack of transportation. This included nine rebel guns, 1000 bales of cotton, two flour and two rolling mills, an extensive foundry, and the railroad dépôts and store-houses.

Sherman's entire force is probably not less than 50,000, of which 9000 are picked cavalry under Kilpatrick. According to one report Sherman has provision for 30, according to another for 60, days. His army was paid before starting, and each soldier, it is reported, was supplied with two pairs of shoes. The rebels appear to think that Mobile is his destination. Sherman takes his Signal Corps with him. He has remarked that the service done by this corps at the battle of Allatoona more than paid its expense for the year.

Beauregard at last advices still remained in the vicinity of Corinth, holding the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says that in one week's time Thomas will have an army 55,000 strong. In that case we shall also have a spirited Western campaign. In a dispatch from Tuscumbia, November 8, Beauregard states that Forrest, at Johnsonville on the 5th, had destroyed four gun-boats—8 guns each—fourteen steamers, and twenty barges, besides a large quantity of quarter-master and commissary stores on the landing.

General Gillem suffered a considerable reverse, November 14, as he was falling back from Bull's Gap, which Breckinridge had turned with a force of 10,000 men. He lost four hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, and, according to General Lee's official dispatch, six pieces of artillery.

From General Grant's army there is nothing important. The Lieutenant-General was in this city on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. The rebels recently tried to force back Egan's line, on the right of the Second Corps, by damming a stream in his front. General Egan, in superintending some works to prevent the operation of this scheme, was wounded in the arm.

About 8 P.M., November 17, a desperate attack was made on Butler's picket-line, between the James and Appomattox Rivers, by two rebel brigades, who succeeded in capturing 60 pickets. General Butler had arrived at the front.

General Sheridan, November 9, broke camp at Cedar Creek. His advanced pickets, November 12, were near Newtown. On that day Early, his main body being north of Cedar Creek, made a reconnoissance with Lomax's brigade of cavalry; he was repulsed, and General Powell pursued him through and beyond Front Royal, capturing two guns and 150 men.

NEWS ITEMS.

Lieutenant Neil Denison, of the Second Regular Artillery, has been made Brevet Brigadier-General for gallant conduct and bravery in action. He is a son of Postmaster-General Denison.

Colonel Gamble, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, has been appointed Brigadier-General, and is to be assigned to the command of a brigade at Falls Church.

During the present campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, the First Cavalry Division, commanded by General Merritt, has captured 14 battle flags, 29 pieces of artillery, 18 caissons, 100 wagons and ambulances, and 2000 prisoners of war, including 122 commissioned officers. Since the 1st of May this command has captured 3000 prisoners of war.

The Richmond *Whig* says that Sheridan destroyed property in Rockingham County to the amount of $25,000,000.

December 1 the blockade of the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola will be raised.

Admiral Porter has issued an order congratulating Lieutenant Cushing on the destruction of the *Albemarle*. A letter of congratulation has also been addressed to the Lieutenant by Secretary Welles.

A gang of guerrillas under Dick Berryman have recently been plundering and killing Unionists in Madison and Wayne Counties, Missouri. November 8, General Curtis, from Camp Arkansas, wrote the following dispatch:

"We have just concluded the pursuit of Price, whose rear-guard crossed the Arkansas River under fire of our guns. He left another of his guns and his own carriage, which, with other guns and equipments, have fallen into our hands. We are now rid of 20,000 or 30,000 half-starved bushwhackers and half-starved vagabonds, who, I hope, may never return to disturb the peaceful inhabitants north of the Arkansas River. He is also beyond our posts of Fayetteville, Fort Smith, and Fort Gibson, which are now safe."

On the night of November 14 fifty rebel prisoners escaped from Camp Morton, Indiana.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Muller was sentenced, October 29, to be hung November 14. Lord Wodehouse has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the popular journals of the Provinces at the haste with which Parliament is pushing forward the Confederation project without any appeal to the people.

The debt of the Confederation, if formed, will be over $100,000,000, including the cost of the projected intercolonial Railroad $62,500,000 will be apportioned to Canada.

The case of the St. Albans raiders has been postponed, to allow the prisoners an opportunity to obtain from Richmond additional evidence in regard to their *status* as prisoners of war. In the mean time it is said to be probable that, on the assembling of Parliament in January, a measure will be adopted to prevent the repetition of the St. Albans raid.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Luxurious Fox.—About a month ago a sly fox entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Arnold, Catas Farm, near Heather. He made his entrance through the parlor-window, and went, very orderly, up stairs to bed. While having a sweet repose the housekeeper opened the room door, and, to her surprise, observed Reynard—who she thought was a dog—in bed. She informed the master of the fact; but he not taking much notice of it, she told the plowman, who went to see if the intruder had made his exit, but he had not. The plowman then informed the wagoner, who immediately went, with club in hand to defend himself. Reynard was still asleep, and the wagoner dealt him a heavy blow on the head and killed him, while in his cozy position.

Chicago has probably had a more rapid growth up to her present size than any other city now in existence. In 1830 there was no such city—only a military post, consisting of a small wooden fort, with two or three houses in sight. It began to be a village, if we mistake not, in 1832. Its population has since been fifteen times ascertained, with the following results:

Mayors.	*Years.*		*Population.*	
W B. Ogden	July	1837	City census	4,170
Alexander Lloyd		1840	U S. census	4,479
Augustus Garrett		1843	City census	7,580
Augustus Garrett	June	1845	State census	12,088
J. P Chapin	Sept.	1846	City census	14,169
J Curtiss	Oct.	1847	City census	16,859
J H Woodworth	Sept	1848	City census	20,023
J. H. Woodworth	Aug.	1849	City census	23,047
J Curtiss		1850	U S. census	30,963
C M Gray	Dec	1853	City census	60,652
L D Boone	June	1855	State census	80,000
Thomas Dyer	Aug.	1856	City census	84,113
John Wentworth		1860	U S census	109,260
F C Sherman	Oct.	1862	City census	138,186
F. C. Sherman	Oct.	1864	City census	169,353

An Unconscious Honey-moon.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was received from Dr. Blanchet on three curious cases of constitutional lethargic slumber. One of them was that of a lady twenty-four years of age, who, having slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty (during her honey-moon), at length had a fit of sleep which lasted nearly a whole year, from Easter Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863. During this long period a false front tooth had to be taken out in order to introduce milk and broth into her mouth. This was her only food. She remained motionless, insensible, and all her muscles were in a state of contraction Her pulse was low, her breathing scarcely perceptible; there were no evacuations, no leanness; her complexion was florid and healthy.

An Idolatrous City in France.—In June, a monster procession, headed by fifty cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, placed a silver statue of the Virgin Mary, carried on men's shoulders, and surrounded by a hundred *angels*, scattering flowers and waving incense upon a hill adjoining Marseilles. "Triumph, Queen of Heaven!" was sung among booming cannon, rolling drums, and pealing bells, and Cardinal Matthieu declared in enthusiastic style that Marseilles with Mary was the gloriously spoken of city of God!

Monastic Life in Italy.—The Augustinian nuns of Loretto, near Ancona, have brought down upon themselves the interference of the secular power by a shocking act of falsehood and torture. A daughter of an Italian Liberal had been confided to the care of the twelve French and four Italian nuns who constitute the nunnery aforesaid. This girl left the convent in April of the present year. A rumor was then circulated that a girl three years older had been bewitched by her. The accused with two of her relatives went to the convent on the afternoon of the 14th in answer to a summons. She was taken alone into the parlor, the door closed, and she was confronted with the chaplain, physician, and lady superior, who declared that a girl in the cónvent was in danger of losing her life in consequence of this young lady's spells, and thereupon they all set upon her to make her render up her contract with the demon. The priest sprinkled her with holy water, twisted his stole round her neck, exorcised her, made signs of the cross on her mouth and forehead; the physician and chaplain stripped her to her shift, and felt under her armpits for the contract with the devil, till at last the girl fainted. When she recovered they renewed the attack, threatening her even with death, and the lady superior exhibited a box full of pins and needles which had issued, she said, from the body of the enchanted girl, and showed an indecent note found upon the same girl with the words, "Death to the Pope!" At last the mother found her way to the persecuted child, and got her away from the convent. It appears that the whole affair was a plot, not a superstition. The girl said to be "charmed" was in excellent health—and the nunnery has for a time been very properly closed by order of the Government, and the chaplain and physician arrested.

The *Journal de Roubaix* relates a singular instance of sommambulism in that town. A young woman belonging to a family of the working class has during the last week risen in her sleep every night at the same hour, lit a fire, prepared coffee, set out the table as if for a meal, not forgetting either spoons, knives, or forks, and then has gone to bed again. An hour later she rises again, clears the table, puts the things in their places, cleans the lower rooms of the house, and then once more returns to bed. A remarkable fact is that as the young woman works in a factory she does not usually prepare the repasts of the family or do any of the housework, and also that she lays out the table for three persons only, although she lives with her father, mother, three sisters, and two brothers.

Germany can keep afoot a million of soldiers; France, 600,000; Italy, 300,000; Russia, 800,000; even Spain, 350,000; while England knows not where to turn for recruits and sailors. Says an English journal: "It is a fact that our ships in commission can not put to sea for want of hands. Our Prime Minister has openly proclaimed that we can not cope with other nations, or dictate a policy in Europe, because we have not soldiers wherewith to carry on war. Denmark, Lord Palmerston used no concealment in admitting, could rely on no other than our moral influence, because we could not pretend to send into the field an army fit to compare muster-rolls with Austria and Prussia. We could not keep up a contingent of 50,000 men in the Crimea without ransacking Europe and America for mercenaries. India drains us of 10,000 recruits a year; and the commander-in-chief recently issued detailed instructions to our recruiting staff to put forth all the allurements of the crimp, and all the devices of the kidnapper, in order to hocus heroes into our regiments of the line, on the ground of the extreme difficulty experienced in maintaining the effective strength of an army of only 140,000 rank and file."

Sleeping in Church.—In a parish church in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, not a day's journey from Balmoral Castle (says the Aberdeen *Free Press*), we were seated in our ordinary pew, listening to the song of praise ascending from the choir and congregation, when our notice was attracted to the sleepers; and sacrilegious as the idea might be, we could not help counting both the congregation as a whole and the per-centage of sleepers, when—we blush to say it—out of a total of 101, no less than twenty-seven were sound asleep!

Artificial Tails.—A mole-killer of Monthey, in the Valais, in Switzerland, was recently brought before the Correctional Tribunal of that place on a charge of swindling the authorities, which he effected in an ingenious manner. The destroyers of those animals receive a certain sum for each, but they are not bound to present the bodies in order to obtain the reward, but only the tails. The man in question delivered not less than 2000, and received a sum of 300 francs. Surprise was felt at the number, and on close examination a great many were found to be artificial—manufactured by gumming a strip of the animal's skin on a bit of wire covered with paper. The tail-maker was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

Starvation in England.—Another case of starvation is reported from Bethnal Green, England. A woman named Jameson worked as a shoebinder, but could not earn money enough to find her in sufficient food. Bit by bit she parted with her clothes, and at last lay down and died. She had been urged to go into the work-house, but refused. The Coroner's jury, before whom these facts were stated, brought in a verdict that "Death was accelerated by the want of the common necessaries of life." Reports of this nature are found in every issue of English journals. Comment is unnecessary.

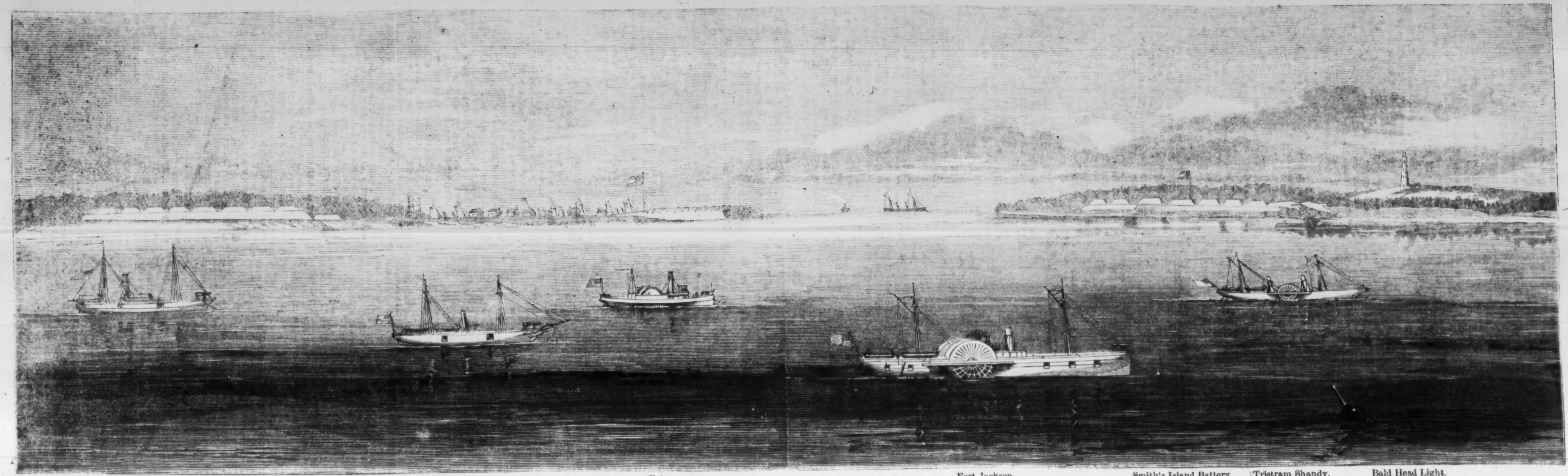
General Birney died in the delirium of fever. His last words have a political value that should make them a Union war-cry throughout the Loyal States. Rising suddenly in his bed, his eyes blazing with the fire that consumed him, he cried with a trumpet voice, "Boys, keep your eyes on that flag!" and fell back dead.

The Ettrick Shepherd tells how his dog Hector, while quite young, was found to have remained for the whole of a bitter and wet winter's night, lying at the fold door, and keeping his eyes fixed on the lambs which he had previously spent many hours with his master in bringing home. He was not experienced enough to know that the lambs were then safe, but his fidelity taught him to remain, wet and supperless, until his guard was relieved next morning by his master's presence. Being dark, his master had not missed the dog when he quitted the lambs, and when Hector's supper remained unclaimed, he was sought and called in vain. He had never moved from the spot where he lay at the entrance to the fold; for dripping wet as he was, the only dry spot was that beneath his body; nor did he take his watchful eyes from what he thought to be his charge till relieved by his master. The lambs had been very wild and troublesome on the journey, and the dog had had much fatigue and trouble in driving them, and they were very unruly when folded, and the hungry, tired dog preferred the deluge of rain which fell that night to the deserting of his post, though he must have heard himself repeatedly called. Mr. Morris, from one of whose valuable little books I take this story, tells of another and sadder instance of unselfish devotion. A shepherd had to divide his flock while traveling; he went forward to the next town with a part, leaving the remainder of his flock in the charge of his colley, intending to return some ten hours later to fetch them. But the shepherd forgot all about his sheep and his dog, the inn fire probably was hot and the toddy strong, and the shepherd reached his home alone. It was not till the third day that the dog was recalled to his memory, and learning that no one had seen him, he hastened to the place where sheep and dog had been left, knowing then what a cruel master he had been. So it was, he found the sheep safe, for they had had food for grazing, the faithful dog dragged himself to his master's feet, licked his hand, and died.

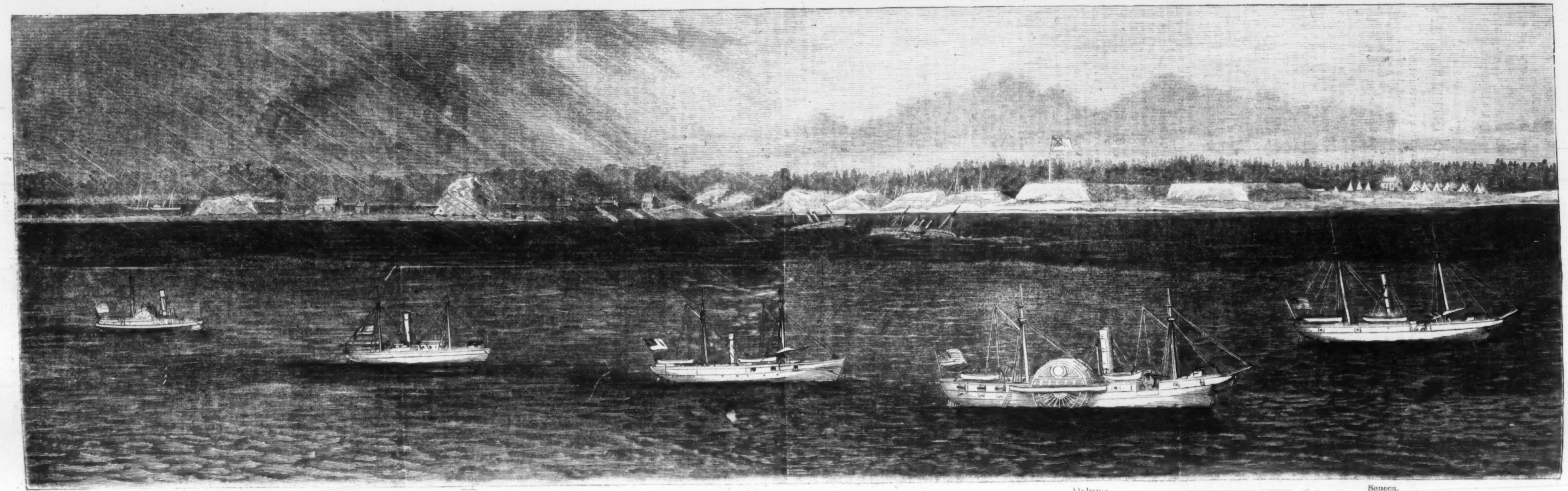
What is in the Bedroom?—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations.

Novelists are sometimes sorely put to their wit's end for Christian and surnames which shall in a measure be representative of their characters. A French writer, who had once given pain to a worthy tradesman, coined two outrageous names for certain individuals described in his work, trusting that this time no living being would find himself or herself aggrieved by what he had done. But he was disappointed. A week after his work appeared letters reached him begging that the names might be altered, for they happened to be borne by people who described themselves as among the most exemplary and sensitive of his readers. In despair the author is said to have thrown into his hat the letters of the alphabet, taking the first eight as the name of his new hero, and the next seven which came to hand as that of his heroine.

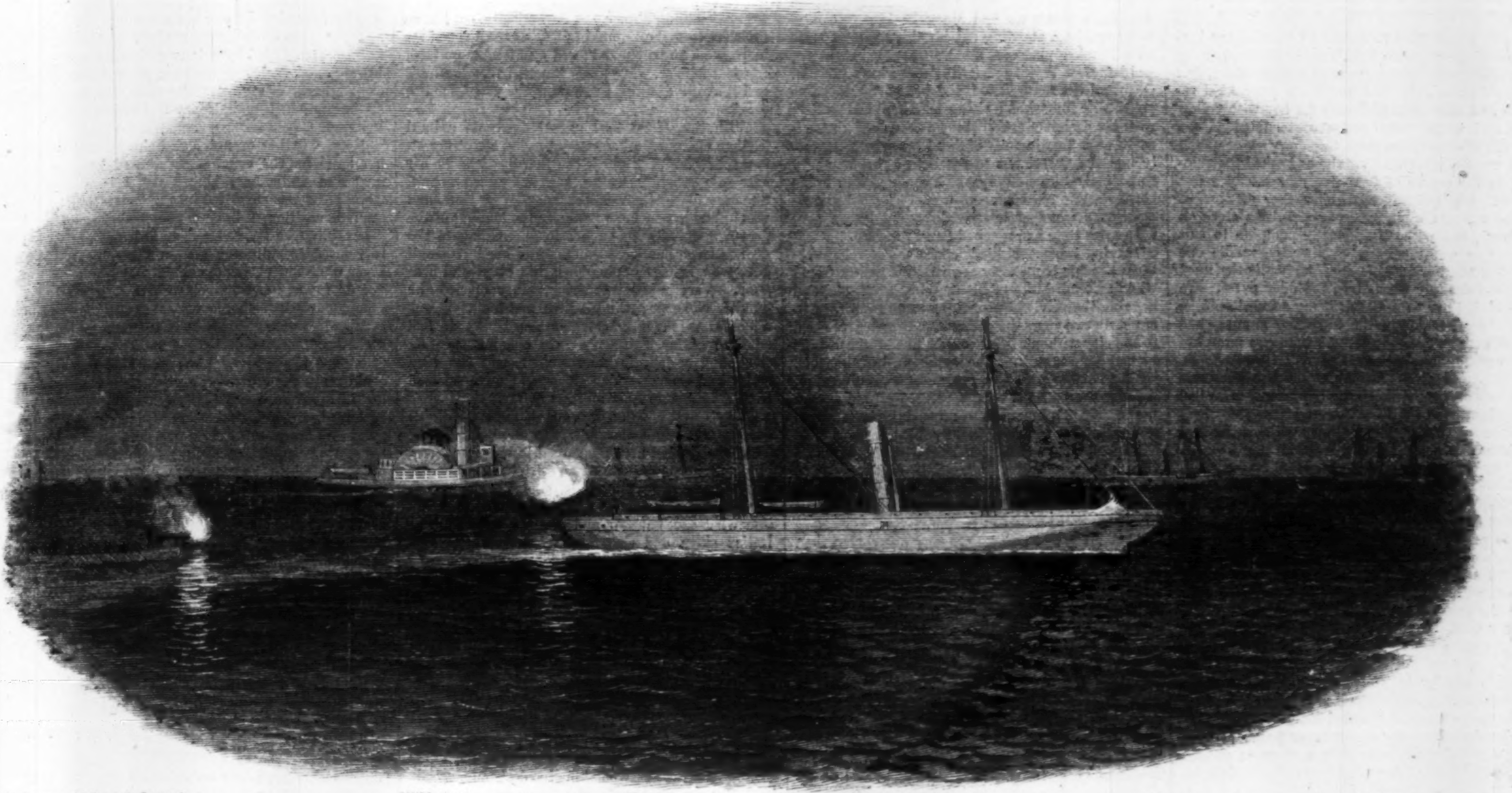
The barefooted Carmelites have opened an establishment in Paris. It is customary for the young swells of the Jockey Club and elsewhere to invite them in to take a snack.


Victoria.
Signal Station.
Emma.
Blockade Runners, and Flag-ship of the Rebel Admiral Lynch.
Æolus.
Rebel Fort Caswell.
Fort Jackson.
Smith's Island Battery.
Tristram Shandy.
Bald Head Light.

OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—OLD INLET.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]


Wilderness.
Battery now building.
How-quah.
Mound Signal Battery on Federal Point.
Cherokee.
Night Hawk and Lynx, destroyed Blockade Runners.
Alabama.
Seneca.
Fort Fisher Blockade Runners waiting for a chance.

OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—NEW INLET.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "ANNIE," October 31, 1864.—[Sketched by Charles F. Ellmore.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

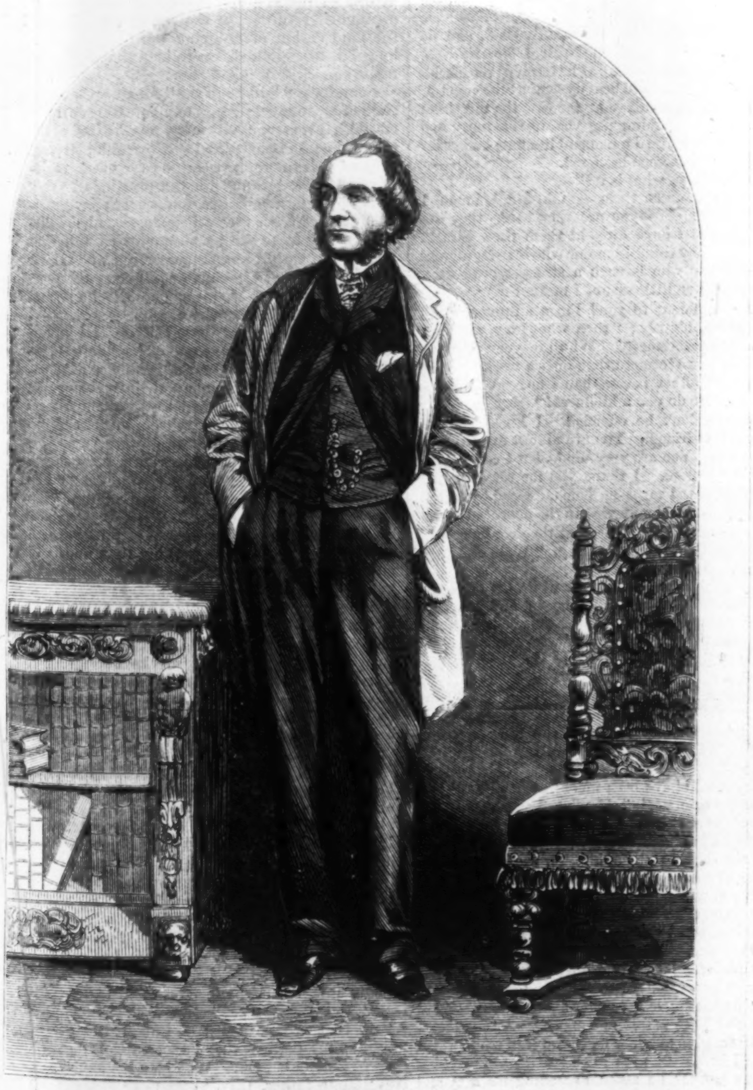
John Leech, celebrated as the best humorous draughtsman of *Punch*, died on the 29th of October, at the age of forty-seven. The record of his life is short and simple. He was born in London in 1817, and was educated at the Charter-house. His first efforts as an artist appeared in *Bell's Life in London*, with which he was connected for two years. Among these early works the best was a series of sketches of the droller aspects of Parisian life. His first sketch in *Punch*, entitled "Foreign Affairs," appeared in 1841, and from that date to his death he has contributed almost every week to its pages. These weekly sketches, with etchings in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a few illustrations of works of fiction, and a yearly installment of Christmas Sketches, have reflected to the world the graceful thought and humor of this wonderful artist for more than twenty years. His sketches of English social life—his pictures of balls, dinner-parties, mess-rooms, bachelors' chambers, Rotten-row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting-fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable.

Mr. Leech was a careful, patient workman; and there is no doubt that his incessant brain-work exhausted too far his nervous organization, which was as delicate as his fancy was exquisite and refined. Toward the last of his life he suffered greatly from sleeplessness. He was much affected by noise, and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square to Kensington by street music. Less than a year ago he stood by the grave of Thackeray, his school-fellow and friend, overcome with uncontrollable grief. Now he himself has been called, and the news of his departure will quench the Christmas mirth of thousands of loving friends.

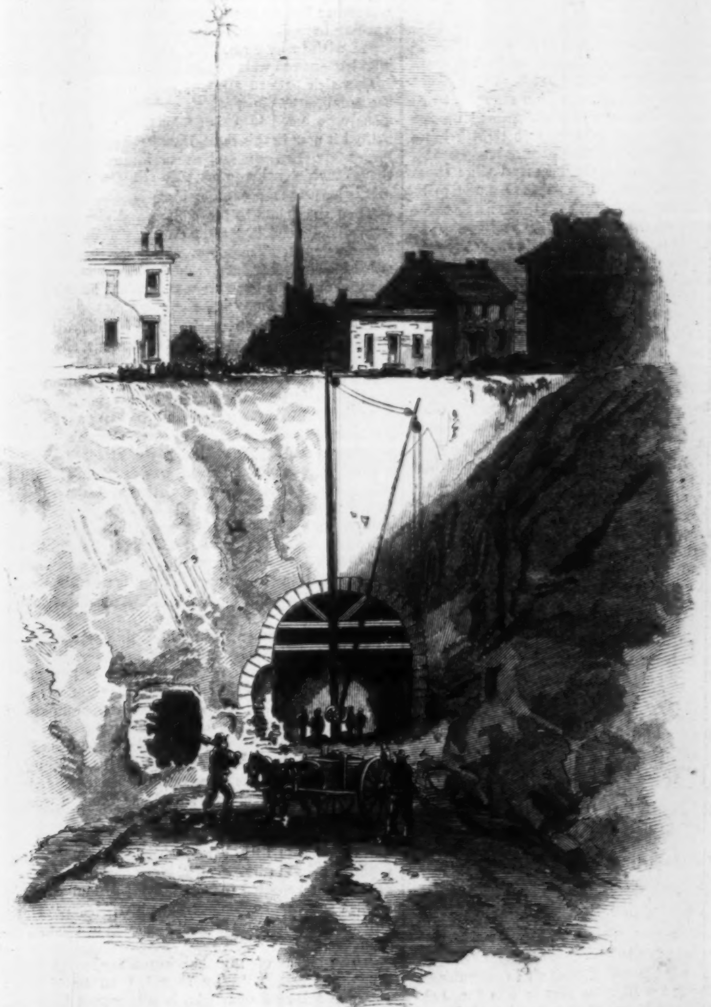
THE BLOCKADE OFF WILMINGTON.

We illustrate on this page the capture of the blockade-runner *Annie*, October 31, off Wilmington, by the launch of the United States steamer *Alabama*. This launch, mounting a 12-pound rifled howitzer, was doing picket duty off the bar at New Inlet, one of the two entrances to Wilmington. About half past seven, on the night of the 31st, a steamer was seen coming out, and heading directly for the launch. Fire was immediately opened on this vessel, the second shot taking effect in her port-quarter, when the gun-boats *Wilderness* and *Niphon* gave chase, and soon signaled back to the launch that the vessel was captured. The prize proved to be the *Annie*, laden with 550 bales of cotton and 40 tons of tobacco, and having on board a crew of about 60 persons. This is the first vessel ever captured under the guns of Fort Fisher. The launch which effected this capture is the only vessel of the kind in the fleet.

We give also on page 772 two illustrations representing the two inlets to Wilmington harbor, and our blockading fleets at each of these inlets. The rebels have lately been extending their fortifications along the coast, placing a battery at every available point. The Cape Fear River has also been filled with obstructions. The approaches to Fort Fisher, the most formidable of the defensive works, are protected by heavy shore batteries.



THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.



THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by Davis.—[See Page 778.]

THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN.

"Have you nice pumpkins?" asked Mary Perkins—whose character I shall not be able to portray very distinctly in the space of a short story, but whom I commend, dear reader, to your kind regards as a nice, good girl—of a fat boy with yellow hair and white eyebrows, who stood behind the counter of a provision store.

It was the eleventh time she had asked the question in the course of forty-five minutes by a fast watch. She had traversed almost the entire length of the street, stopping at every provision store on her way, but without finding a pumpkin to suit her. One was too large, another too small; one too ripe, another not ripe enough; while the most were too dear for poor Mary's slender purse. To be candid, I must say that it is my decided opinion that Mary Perkins in the forty-five minutes had turned over and examined more than one pumpkin which would have satisfied the majority of people. I don't like to say it, but I am afraid that Mary was fastidious about Thanksgiving pumpkins. She had been educated in the New England faith, that there could be no Thanksgiving dinner without the best pumpkin pies. She lived with her brother—a type-setter by profession—and kept a small, a very small day-school. Together the brother and sister had determined upon having a Thanksgiving dinner; the brother was to purchase the turkey, while Mary was to provide the pumpkin-pies, made after her mother's own recipe: and this was the reason why she had asked for the eleventh time, "Have you nice pumpkins?"

To this question—the eleventh time propounded—the boy with the yellow hair and white eyebrows replied with a familiar, swaggering tone and manner.

"Only one left! They've gone like hot cakes to-day—Thanksgiving, you know."

"Is that a nice one?" asked Mary.

"Couldn't say—not much uv er judge of punkins, 'cause I've never been in a store in punkin time, you know. Am of water-melons, though; know a good water-melon the minit I lay my eyes on it; don't have to thump it, nor turn it over, nor nothing, except to look at it right sharp. However, I shouldn't say this punkin was any thing uncommon," he continued, lifting the golden ball, and revolving it under her eyes; "not that I know any thing against it, but it's been picked over so often, you know."

Mary "guessed" she would look farther, and stepped into the street. Entering a provision store a few doors below, she again asked, "Have you nice pumpkins?" The person interrogated was a wide-awake, polite little Frenchman. Every story-writer makes his French character reply with a bow and a smile. I should like to give you something original in my Frenchman. I should like, if I could, to represent him as gruff, or as a compressed-lipped hero. But since I prefer truth to originality, I must say that he replied to Mary Perkins's question with a very low bow, and a smile most bland.

"*Oui, Madame*—we have one fresh zupply jus from de country."

"Are they sweet?"

"Jus as sweet as unney."

"Are they tender?"

"Jus as tender as a baby."

"Are they fully ripe?"

"Madame, dey are de finest in de market."

Selecting one, and directing it to be sent to a certain number on a certain street, Mary faced about, and commenced retracing her steps. It was rapidly growing dark, and as she passed up the street the shops began to burst into light. More than once Mary slackened her pace as she passed a show window to admire the beautiful silks there streaming like banners. She paused before a brilliantly-lighted shop, running back to such a distance that the large mirror at the farther end seemed to her scarcely broader than the little cracked glass which hung on the wall in her poor home, before which she dressed her hair in the morning. The clerks were hurrying to and fro with an eager, business-like air, while gay ladies were coming and going. Among the hurrying forms Mary's eyes sought one loved and familiar. I need not say that this form was not a woman's, else why does she stand in the shadow there, with her veil half drawn over her face, trembling and frightened? Why else does her cheek glow with shame? Poor Mary! You feel like a guilty thing in thus seeking a man who has never said he loved you. But let me whisper a word in your ear, if you can spare me your attention for a moment: Any woman is ennobled by true love, however bestowed. Her nature without love is the rose-tree without the rose; it is the dead egg among the cliffs; but quickened by love, it is the eagle soaring to the clouds. Your heart is a greater and grander thing now than ever before. Take the comfort of this thought, and never again blush because you love. Let her blush, or weep rather, whose nature is too hard or too light for loving. Next to loving God, the best thing for a woman is to love a noble man.

If I was sitting, dear reader, looking into your eyes, and telling my story by word of mouth, I can fancy that we might hold something like the following conversation:

"But whom was Mary Perkins—this keeper of a small day-school, and sister of a type-setter—whom was she seeking in that brilliant shop? One of the clerks, on a salary of a few hundred dollars?" you ask.

"No," I reply, with a significant smile.

"The book-keeper?"

"No."

"The head clerk?"

"Guess again."

"The junior partner?"

Then with a can-you-believe-it air I communicate the astounding intelligence that it was Mr. Lehman, the sole proprietor of that fine establishment—one of the merchant princes of the city.

"But what right," you ask, "had Mary Perkins to know and love Mr. Lehman?"

Then I should tell you the following story: Some five years before we find Mary Perkins, blushing and trembling, standing outside this brilliant store on a Thanksgiving eve, a lad, just turned eighteen, had left New York to seek his fortune in California. On board the same vessel, and bound for the same point, was embarked a rising merchant of the city, with the design of establishing a branch of his business in the growing city of San Francisco. Scarcely had the vessel put to sea before the merchant was attacked by a fever, which confined him to his berth during the entire voyage. The lad above-mentioned watched by the sick man like a son, even after they had reached San Francisco.

Having transacted his business the merchant returned to his home after assuring his young friend who had tended him of his undying gratitude, and begging the privilege of making some return. After nearly two years the young man likewise returned to the city without, it is needless to add, the fortune he had gone to seek. The merchant, learning this, sought out his quondam nurse. The young man, prouder than wise, perhaps, refused all aid except the merchant's influence in procuring him a situation as printer in a prominent publishing-house.

The merchant had been in the habit, for more than a year, of calling every Sabbath afternoon to see his young friend; and thus it was that Mary Perkins learned to love the bachelor merchant more than her brother or herself.

Had Mary Perkins known any other man than Mr. Lehman, I doubt whether we should have seen her that evening standing eager but ashamed at his shop-door. Had she been acquainted with Mr. Lehman's smart, handsome clerks, she might have chosen to pass her life with any one of them, on a few hundred dollars a year, rather than with the proprietor in a home of luxury. A woman must love, and if her acquaintance is confined to one man, she will as surely love him as that he is not utterly unworthy.

Then it was for the merchant's short, broad figure that Mary was seeking. But in vain she sought—it was nowhere to be seen. A choking feeling of disappointment swelled in her bosom, as though a hand had been laid roughly on her heart, as she assured herself that he was not in the store. Having satisfied herself of this, an irresistible inclination possessed her to enter the place where he every day walked—a place to which her thoughts would often wander as some stupid, dirty boy stood by her side in the little cheerless school-room spelling out his reading lesson—a place to her invested with romance haunted by his presence. She had never in her life entered the store; indeed, she had always avoided passing it lest she might seem to seek Mr. Lehman. Yet how the poor girl had yearned to know how it looked in his business home, and how he seemed there.

I have said that Mary felt an irresistible inclination to enter the establishment; this being the case, of course she entered. No sooner had she done so than a smart clerk advanced to meet her, inquiring what she wished to look at. Mary remembered that she had but a three-cent piece—this was before all the specie had been driven from the country—and a couple of pennies in her purse; she couldn't buy any thing; she might as well see the best the store afforded; so she answered, "Silks." Following the directions of the clerk, she found herself traversing the long building, with her image advancing to meet her.

"I wish to look at silks," she said to the clerk who hastened to wait on her.

One rich pattern after another was taken from the small, stiff paper which enfolded it, and dexterously gathered into rich folds by the clerk, who shifted it now in this light, then in that, until Mary forgot Mr. Lehman and every thing else in the thought which came to her with stinging sharpness—it is hard to be poor.

Then she asked to see collars and sleeves, and immediately one box after another of the richest laces was opened before her. Mary heard ladies on either side ordering home rich dresses, while others counted out sums for laces which would have made her comfortable for years.

Having seen all she wished, and having worked her mind up to its maximum of discontent, she was hurrying from the store, when she met Mr. Lehman's eye fixed upon her. Mortified at being recognized amidst such splendor in her poor dress, Mary rushed into the street. Night had now fairly set in, and the lamplighter in the distance seemed building a wall of flame along the street. Mary walked away rapidly, for she was excited. There was a mingled feeling of desolation and bitterness in her heart. As she hurried on she was knocked and pushed aside, and almost run over; and it seemed to her that every one felt that he had a right to crowd and jostle such a nobody. It seemed that she was nothing to any one; even her brother, as she thought of him among busy workers, seemed lost to her.

After some moments of rapid walking she reached her home. It looked bleak and comfortless. She entered; it was dark, for her brother had not yet returned; and cold as a vault, for the fire had all died out during her search for the pumpkin. She groped about in the dark, stumbling over chairs and tables, and lighted a miserable tallow-candle. Scarcely had she done this before the door-bell rang, and the pumpkin was borne into the kitchen. Laying aside her bonnet and shawl she went to work to make the pumpkin-pies; but I must say she was not a cheerful worker. As she pared the pumpkin and cut it into little square chips she indulged in repining—I am sorry to expose my heroine's weakness. She repeated to herself most dismal poetry—lines from "The Song of the Shirt," from "The Bridge of Sighs," and from "The Song of the Children."

"The idea of my keeping Thanksgiving!" thought Mary. "Why should I be thankful? Because I love a man who is a thousand leagues removed from me? Because, while there is gayety and luxury around me, I must toil like a very slave for my living? Because every taste of my nature must be ground into the earth that I may get bread?" (Spitefully.) "I will not try to have a Thanksgiving dinner." (Pathetically.) "I have no heart to make pumpkin-pies. I shall spend to-morrow as any other day, and on Monday go back to my drudgery. My life is to pass in a tread-mill, and it avails nothing to step off the wheel for one day."

With this Mary Perkins sat down on a hard kitchen chair, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her brows slightly contracted, while in her eyes was a half yearning, half angry expression. She was unconscious of the passage of time, and was aroused from her reverie by the ringing of the door-bell directly above her head. Going to the door, a large bundle was handed to her by a small boy, who instantly ran down the steps and was gone. Very much wondering, Mary opened the bundle. The first thing which met her view was a handsome blue silk, which an hour before she had admired at Mr. Lehman's. On opening the box she found a delicate handkerchief, and the very collar and sleeves which she would have selected from the lot shown her an hour before.

Mary's first emotion was one of almost childish delight and admiration over the exquisite goods. Then she fancied herself arrayed in these new and beautiful garments. It was a fair picture that rose before her as she sat dreamily gazing at the parcel. It was that of a young girl with a face pale and somewhat sad, but fair and delicate, eyes blue as Italian skies, and rich Saxon hair combed away from the thoughtful, womanly brow. There she stood in a closely fitting silk of azureline blue, closed at the white throat, around which ran a small lace collar; the flowing sleeves, slashed to the shoulder, fell back from the arm, revealing full lace sleeves with dainty little cuffs to match the collar.

Mary for some moments was lost in admiration of her metamorphosed self. Even Mr. Lehman, she thought, must yield his admiration could he see her arrayed in those rich and costly fabrics. But would he not despise a beauty which she had accepted at his hands?

Mary was not long in making her decision. Hastily tying up the bundle, she threw on her bonnet and shawl, took a street-car and hurried off to Mr. Lehman's store, forgetful of her pumpkin which she left simmering over the fire.

Mary was very faint and frightened as she stepped from the car which had stopped in front of Mr. Lehman's store. How she dreaded entering that brilliant shop with that bundle! How she shrank from meeting him! She had half a mind to go directly home with the bundle; then she found relief in the thought that she could leave it without seeing Mr. Lehman. But then such a course would seem so ungrateful. No, there was but one thing to be done; see Mr. Lehman, thank him for remembering her, and tell him how impossible it was to accept his present. Hesitating and trembling she entered the store.

"I wish to see Mr. Lehman," she said to the clerk who met her.

"He is very much engaged, and can not be interrupted, ma'am."

"I must see him," said Mary, very earnestly.

"If you will give me your name I will speak to him, though I am afraid it will be useless," said the clerk.

"Mary Perkins," she reluctantly said, and he hurried off. She traced him to Mr. Lehman's desk, and saw the latter start up as he received the clerk's message. Mary leaned heavily against the counter, and her head grew dizzy as she saw the merchant approaching. Her impulse was to run away and leave the bundle. In a moment he stood beside her looking gruff but good-humored.

"Well, Mary, what is it?"

"I have brought them— Oh, Mr. Lehman, I am not ungrateful—you are very kind—they are beautiful—but I have brought them back, Sir. I can't accept any thing from one who is so indifferent—I mean one who is such a stranger—one upon whom I have so little claim, I mean, Sir."

"I'm indifferent to you! I'm a stranger!" said Mr. Lehman, bluntly; "then who, pray, are your intimate acquaintances? Who are your friends? Whom do you see more than once a week? Who loves your brother better than I do? Who has a better right to do you a kindness?"

"Oh, Sir, don't be offended. I know you are my—my best friend. You are almost my only acquaintance. You are very kind—but I can not accept your present. I thank you for remembering me. And now I must go home. Good-by, Sir, I thank you;" and she hurried to the door.

Mr. Lehman followed her; at the door he caught her arm rather rudely, saying, "Wait and take that car."

They stood there in silence while the car came up. Mr. Lehman assisted Mary in, and, much to her surprise, took a seat beside her. Neither spoke during the ride to her home.

"Good-night!" said Mary, as she stood on her door-step.

"Humph! hospitable! Can't you say, Come in?"

"Excuse me, but I did not suppose you would like to. Will you come in?"

"Yes."

Mary would have been much better pleased had his answer been no, but she nevertheless opened the door and invited him to enter. When he had stepped into the hall she was at a great loss as to the disposition she should make of him, for the house was as dark as Erebus.

"If you will come into this room and take a seat I will bring a light," said Mary, awkwardly.

"What room?"

"This one," she answered, pointing to a very small parlor, which was a very silly thing for her to do, for how could she expect Mr. Lehman to perceive the bearing of her finger amidst such profound darkness?

"Here, give me your hand and lead me to a seat before I break my neck in this darkness. Where is your hand?" he asked, extending his arm and feeling around him, as though he would have done in playing at blind-man's buff.

"Here it is," said Mary, timidly, guiding herself by his voice, for she saw nothing.

After some little groping about on the parts of both, accompanied by exclamations, impatient on his side and apologetic on hers, their hands found each other. His fingers closed around hers with an energy which made Mary feel that he must be irritated.

Now, whether or not Mr. Lehman had sought her hand for the express purpose of keeping her near him while he said, "Mary, I love you," or whether he was surprised into a declaration by his strange position, I have never had the means of ascertaining, as Mr. Lehman has always persistently refused to enlighten me on the subject, and I know of no one else who can.

I do know, however—enough to satisfy all reasonable curiosity—that he very abruptly pronounced the words, startling Mary so that she trembled like a captured bird, and that he rather peremptorily demanded if she loved him; and that before she could reply she heard her brother as he inserted his key in the front door; that she ran into the kitchen for a light, and that there, by a faint glimmer given out from the dying fire, she discovered a column of smoke ascending from her kettle of pumpkin, while the room was filled with the odor of the burning article.

It would be a very nice termination to my story could I say that Mary Perkins was married the next morning, and that she took her Thanksgiving dinner with her husband, in her new home. It was not Mr. Lehman's fault that my story can not have so pleasant and appropriate a termination. For reasons of which I am ignorant—I guess they had some connection with her wardrobe—Mary persistently refused to be married within five weeks.

Her Thanksgiving dinner she ate with her brother as previously arranged. The turkey was done to a tempting brown, and the pumpkin-pies, to poor Mary at least, were faultless.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ **Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."**

CHAPTER LVIII.

A DISCOVERY.

Pomeroy's in Great Grand Street was a hotel much patronized by persons from the Eastern Indies—officers home on sick leave, dark-skinned princes, who wore ear-rings and jeweled caps, and who, standing at the windows in a blaze of diamonds and brocade, seemed to be perpetually waiting for cabs to take them to a masquerade; by maharajahs, begums, governors-general, judges of the supreme courts, and millionaire merchants returned to their native land, with the fond design of enjoying the fruits of their long labors without livers to help the process of digestion.

Pomeroy's "laid itself out" for this particular class of patronage. Its apartments were furnished with great magnificence, displaying much gilding, embroidery, and yellow silk; it had suits of private rooms adapted for every variety of social habit, and for the practice of every form of Eastern religious observance; it provided separate rooms for various castes, nicely discriminating as to the requirements for different manners of eating, smoking, praying, and taking the bath; it had kitchens for all sorts of cookery, Christian and Mohammedan, Brahmin and Hindoo; clean and unclean.

Pomeroy's was a very expensive establishment to stop at; and this was one of its chief recommendations to the Indian magnificos who patronized it. By taking up their residence at Pomeroy's they proclaimed to all their friends and to the public at large, through the medium of the *Morning Post*, that they were very rich, and consequently very important, personages. The frequenters of Pomeroy's would not have been content to accept the same accommodation elsewhere for less money. What they chiefly took a pride in was the fact that they paid an exorbitant price for every thing they had. If any visitor after a week's residence at Pomeroy's had received a bill for such a modest sum as ten or a dozen pounds he would have resented it as an insult to his dignity. He would have suspected at once that he had been badly served: that they had given him inferior curry to eat, inferior wine to drink, inferior chairs to sit upon, and an inferior bed to sleep in. What was the object in going to Pomeroy's? Was it not to be able to eat five-pound notes and drink sovereigns!

Such was Pomeroy's Hotel, of which Jean Baptiste Constant was the manager and nominal proprietor.

Constant, sitting in the mourning-coach with Lily, on the way to Great Grand Street, opened a conversation with the view of preparing her for her new life and her new prospects. He began with some hesitation, for he had to tell her first of all about her father. Lily had remained, up to that moment, ignorant even of her father's name. She had continued to call herself, and to be called, Lily Floris. She was to know now that her name was Blunt.

"And my father?" she said, inquiringly: "all that I have heard of him is, that he ill-treated my mother, that he was a bad man, and very poor—a beggar. Was he a beggar?"

"Your father, Lily," said Constant, evading a direct reply to the question in this form, "was a gentleman."

Francis Blunt was all that the countess called him—a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar; but from the valet's point of view he was still a gentleman.

"More than that," Constant continued, "your father was a member of a noble family of high descent and great wealth; and you, as his child, Lily Blunt, are a lady."

Lily felt a strange fluttering at her heart. It was not pride; it was scarcely joy. She was thinking of Edgar. Did *he* know that she was the daughter of an English gentleman?

"It is possible," said Constant, "that you may shortly meet some of your English relatives, and be elevated to the position to which your birth entitles you. I have been searching for you for a long time, with the view of making you acquainted with your position, and, if possible, rescuing you from the misery which you have so long endured; but until chance took me to the circus at Ranelagh I failed in every endeavor to discover you."

Lily thanked him from the bottom of her heart. In the midst of her misery and desolation she had never dreamed that any one in the wide world was thinking of her. If she could only have known it her heart would not have been so dead to all hope.

Constant continued:

"It is my inclination, no less than my sacred duty, Lily, for I love you as if you were my own child—it is my dearest wish and desire to see you restored to your family; and I will do every thing it is possible to do, with that object; but if I should fail—if the hope which I entertain should be disappointed—will you let me be your guardian, your protector, your father?"

He implored her eagerly, as if he were afraid of being met by the proud and scornful spirit of her mother.

Lily, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude, put all his doubts to flight at once. She seized his hands and kissed them fervently.

"Heaven bless you!" she said. "I desire nothing better than to be your daughter, to tell you all that lies at my heart, and to ask for your advice and guidance."

In all his lifetime Jean Baptiste Constant had not experienced so pure a joy as at that moment. He felt a tremor of delight run through his whole frame. His heart, long since frozen up, melted before the sunshine of the girl's trusting, loving face, looking into his and calling up a bright vision of the past—his eyes filled with tears, and the strong, hardened man wept.

"God bless you!" he said; "those words have given me the first thrill of real pleasure I have ever felt since your mother was a girl, such as you are now, in the little village of Marouille, in France, where I first saw her."

Constant stopped the coach at the corner of Great Grand Street, got out with Lily, and walked the rest of the way to the hotel. He paused as they were about to enter the house, and said:

"You will not forget that your name is Lily Blunt."

As Constant passed through the hall with Lily to his own private apartments, the situation and its attendant circumstance carried him back to his old life at the Lilies of France to that time when Valérie was budding into beauty, and stirring in his heart the flame of love long since quenched. A sigh escaped him as he thought of those days of hope, but the remembrance read him a lesson.

After Lily had partaken of some refreshment and rested for a little in the handsome sitting-room behind the bar, Constant, who had been attending to the affairs of the hotel, returned to the room, and, with considerable hesitation and mystery of manner, requested her to perform a service.

Lily jumped up eagerly, and expressed her willingness to make herself useful to her guardian in any way.

"I long," she said, "to be employed, to have something to do, and if you will only let me be your servant—"

Constant stopped her.

"You forget, Lily, that you are a lady," he said. "I have no idea of making you a servant; but on this one occasion will you oblige me by—"

Lily interrupted him with an eager offer to perform any service he might require.

"Well, listen," he said; "you shall be a chambermaid for once, and take up this glass of elder-flower water to the gentleman in the blue room. Come, I will show you the way."

Lily took the silver salver from his hands and followed him to the foot of the grand staircase.

"It is the second room on the first landing," he said. "Knock at the door before you enter."

Lily ascended the softly-carpeted stair and proceeded as directed to the second door in the corridor. She knocked gently and timidly. There was no answer. She looked round and saw Constant standing at the foot of the stairs watching her. She knocked again, and this time a feeble voice called, "Come in."

Lily opened the door and entered the room. It was a magnificent apartment furnished in blue and gold, with many ottomans and couches, covered with skins and richly-embroidered cloths, and, for the moment, Lily was so dazzled by the splendor of the fittings, and her vision so lost in the vastness of the room, that she failed to discover the occupant who bade her enter. At last her eye was attracted by a movement on one of the couches, and on advancing further into the room, she discerned the figure of a man reclining upon a heap of pillows. He was an old man with gray hair and a very sallow complexion.

Lily went up to the couch with the salver in her hand and offered him the goblet of water. The old man turned to take it, and, as he did so, looked up in Lily's face. His outstretched hand suddenly fell by his side, and he uttered a cry of surprise.

"Again that face!" he exclaimed; "again that bright vision that I have seen so often; in life twice, in my dreams many times."

He passed his hand across his eyes, as if he were doubting his senses, and imagined that he was dreaming then. At length Lily spoke.

"I have been desired to bring you this, Sir," she said, stooping toward him with the goblet.

"Then it's not a dream this time," he said. "Who are you? Come nearer; let me touch you."

It was now Lily's turn to be startled. She hesitated and retired a step, timidly.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I'm only a poor, weak old man; old before my time, my dear. Come close to me and let me touch your hand."

He spoke kindly and tenderly; and Lily, dismissing her foolish fears—for he was, as he said, only a poor, weak old man—advanced to the couch and held out her hand.

The old man took it and held it between his own cold palms, and peered into the girl's face curiously.

"The same blue eyes," he muttered, "the same soft brown hair, just as I can remember them—just as they are in the picture. Ah, you are a bonny, bonny lass, just like her, just like her. Thank you; it's very kind of you to come up; come again, my dear, come again. Stop, you may as well tell me your name."

"My name is Lily, Sir."

"Lily, Lily," he repeated. "Ah, that is a pretty name; and what else?"

"Blunt, Sir," Lily replied.

The invalid, who had been reclining so languidly upon the couch, apparently without the strength to turn himself, started at the word and sprang to his feet.

"Blunt," he exclaimed, "Blunt! Am I dreaming, or—or are you playing a trick upon me?"

Lily scarcely knew what to reply to these inquiries. Who was this old man, and why had the mention of her name so strangely excited him?

The invalid sank back upon the couch again, and sat gazing at Lily with a child-like wonder.

"Tell me," he said, "who are you? Who was your father? Was he Francis Blunt? Eh? eh?"

"I believe so, Sir," Lily answered.

"You believe so," he repeated; "you believe so. Don't you *know* who your father was?"

"I have been told that my father's name was Francis Blunt."

"You have been told so, and don't know of your own knowledge. That's odd—very odd. And how did you come here, my dear? How did a Blunt come to be a servant in a hotel?"

"I am not exactly a servant, Sir," Lily replied.

"Not exactly a servant!" he said. "Then what are you? I don't understand it; it's all a mystery, a puzzle. Here, Franz, Franz, Franz Stimm, you rascal, come here."

It was clear that Franz Stimm was a party to Constant's plot, for he entered the room immediately his name was called.

"Come here, Sir," said the invalid; "do you know this young lady, or any thing about her?"

"Yah, mein signor, of course I knows dat young leddi; she is the liddle cal, ver mooch grown big, vat we see in de steamboat. Ah," the courier continued, addressing Lily, "you forget me; but I not forget your preddy face."

"I have not forgotten you," said Lily; "you were very kind to me."

"Vat," cried Franz, "you remember de joggolate, eh?"

"What do you know about the young lady, Stimm?" the invalid asked.

"Mein generale," said the courier, "I know dat she is ver preddy cal; but Monsieur Constant knows all about her fadder and her modder, de andsome dame you know, dat loog like de diger in de steamboat."

"Then let Monsieur Constant attend me," said the invalid.

Monsieur Constant was not far off, and Stimm returned with him instantly. Monsieur Constant explained all to the invalid in a few words. Lily was the daughter of Francis Blunt.

"And I," said the invalid, raising himself and holding out his hands to Lily, "I am George Blunt, your father's brother, and your uncle. Let me be your uncle and your father both, for poor Frank's sake, and for our mother's sake; you are the very image of her."

And so Lily was adopted by the rich old nabob of Cutchapore, a widower without chick or child of his own to leave his millions to.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

LILY was now no longer Quite Alone. Her uncle idolized her, and was never tired of smoothing her beautiful brown hair and gazing with childish rapture at her lovely blue eyes.

George Blunt had not brought much liver home with him from India, but he had managed to preserve his heart. The former organ he had exercised overmuch, the latter not at all. In the pursuit of money-getting he had put his heart aside altogether, preserved it, as it were, in spirits of wine in a sealed bottle. And now, when he had done with rupee grubbing, he opened the bottle and found his heart in a fine state of preservation.

He was quite foolish in his demonstrations of affection toward his pretty niece. He could not bear her to be out of his sight for a moment. He fondled and patted her as a child plays with a doll; he said inconceivably silly things to her in praise of her good looks, such childish nonsensical things that Lily quite blushed for him. If she had been a doll he would certainly never have rested until he had taken out and examined those lovely blue eyes which he was always looking at with so much wonder and delight.

Constant was jealous of the old man. So was Franz Stimm. Constant almost repented of having brought Lily and her uncle together. The good-hearted courier went about regretting that the "preddy liddle cal" had outgrown her taste for joggolate. He took courage one day and respectfully suggested joggolate. Lily took some which the courier offered her, and thanked him with many smiles, putting the sweetmeat in her pocket. Franz was quite hurt because she did not eat it there and then.

"Ah," he muttered to himself, "she is too big leddi now for joggolate; she is afraid of her stomjacks; but the liddle cal is nevare afraid of her stomjacks; oh no!"

George Blunt had heard the history of his brother Frank's career from Constant, and reproached himself bitterly for not having been at hand to help him in his distress and misery. He now heard from Lily the history of her sad life, and the pitiful story moved him to tears. She told him all, not even omitting the cause of her flight from Madame de Kergolay's—her passion for Edgar Greyfaunt.

"He is not worthy of you, my dear, can't be worthy of you," he said, "to treat you as he has done. But you shall be as good as he, or any of them; the blood of the Blunts runs in your veins; and the money of George Blunt shall chink in your pocket, and I'll warrant you'll have a score of fellows at your feet in no time."

The Indian nabob, vain of his ancient lineage, and no less proud of his wealth, was deeply hurt at the idea of his brother's child being slighted and looked down upon; and he resolved that Lily should not only vindicate her position, but also glorify the family name. He had nothing to show in his own person (for he was a mere bag of bones) for the immense riches which he had acquired in India. His poor mummy of a body, wrapped in the richest robes, and decked with the finest gems, was but an object of pity.

Lily rose upon the old man's vision like a star in the dark. He found a beautiful idol upon which to hang his gold and his pearls—one who would wear them worthily, and command homage to his wealth. He loaded her with presents, dressed her in the richest robes, decked her with the rarest gems, engaged for her the handsomest suit of apartments in the hotel, bought her a brougham and a saddle-horse, and appointed a maid and a groom specially to attend upon her. The poor, friendless, lonely girl, so recently discharging the humble duties of a horse-rider's dresser in the gardens of Ranelagh, was now a princess.

But the jewels and the fine dresses did not make Lily happy. In the midst of the splendor in which she lived she was thinking with an aching heart of Edgar. His sudden disappearance on the night of her mother's death, and the return of his check, filled her with a vague fear that something had happened to him. She shrank from making inquiries about him, partly from a feeling of modesty, partly because she was unwilling that any one should think she doubted him. She resolved to say nothing on the subject, for a time at least, hoping that he would soon call to see her, or that she might meet him in the Park during her rides and drives. She went into the Park daily, either in her brougham or on horseback. She had taken lessons at a riding-school, and became in a very short space of time an accomplished horsewoman. She had learned fast; for love was her teacher. She had learned to ride, that she might dispense with the attendance of a coachman and footman, and go out in the Park on horseback "Quite Alone." Her uncle humored her in every thing. If she had desired to ride in the Park on an elephant he would have sent emissaries into Africa to procure her the finest specimen that could be found.

Weeks passed away, and Edgar had not called at the hotel, nor had Lily succeeded in meeting him in the Park. Her uncle and Constant both observed that, spite of her daily exercise in the fresh air, she was becoming pale, and thin, and care-worn. Constant was aware of Lily's passion for Edgar, and feeling assured that her malady was love-sickness he begged to be admitted to her confidence. After some hesitation she told him the state of the case frankly. She had been looking for Edgar day after day, and week after week, but in vain. She was afraid that he was ill, or that some misfortune had befallen him. Constant undertook to make inquiries. He did so, and found that the magnificent Mr. Greyfaunt had been arrested for debt, and was locked up in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street.

The young scape-grace had set up for a man of fashion upon the little fortune left him by his grand-aunt, Madame de Kergolay. It amounted to five thousand pounds, neither more nor less, and Edgar had spent the principal instead of the interest, living for the time at the rate of three thousand a year.

Constant did not at once inform Lily of the discovery he had made. He was anxious to find out what sort of person Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt was. He had no particular doubts about him before; but now, when he heard of him as the inhabitant of a sponging-house, he began at once to suspect that Edgar was a very bad young fellow. As a prosperous inn-keeper, Monsieur Constant regarded impecuniosity in a gentleman of Mr. Greyfaunt's position as the worst of crimes.

Constant employed Franz Stimm as his emissary and agent. Stimm visited the sponging-house, and saw Edgar, saying that he came from an unknown friend who was anxious to serve him. A few weeks behind prison bars had worked a great change upon the dandy—the usual change. The loss of liberty had degraded him, as it degrades nearly all men, however proud their spirit, however high their moral tone. In a few weeks the elegant exquisite had been transformed into a shabby, slouching jail-bird. He had taken to slippers and wide-awake hats, to spirits-and-water and clay pipes. He shuffled about in a paved yard behind the bars, and associated without scruple with all comers. Debt is a great leveler—as great a leveler almost as death. In a sponging-house or a prison it brings all ranks together, and links them in the bond of a common brotherhood. The most noble person in a debtors' prison is he who owes most money. But the pettiest shop-keeper is on a footing with a lord in one respect—he is a debtor. The influence of debt and durance manifests itself in both alike—it conduces to down-at-heel shoes, carelessness as to clean linen, the growth of the beard, the smoking of common kinds of tobacco, and the consumption of vulgar drinks. Even if the lord have money, he finds, after a short residence in a debtors' prison, that he is acquiring a taste for the grosser kinds of luxuries. He begins to prefer shag tobacco to cigars, and to have an inordinate craving for beer.

Edgar very soon succumbed to the genius of that dingy house in Cursitor Street. Franz Stimm wondered what the preddy leddle leddi could see in such a shabby-looking fellow. Franz was armed with very careful instructions. He informed Greyfaunt of Lily's accession to fortune. She had found her uncle, a rich Indian nabob (he did not mention his name), who had adopted her, and designed to leave her the whole of his vast wealth.

Edgar caught at the news eagerly, and his eyes sparkled with expectancy. "What a fool—what an ass I have been!" he muttered to himself. He questioned Stimm as to the motives of the unknown friend who had sent him the news. Stimm explained that the unknown friend, who was aware of the position in which Mr. Greyfaunt stood toward Miss Lily, had an eye to business.

"Ah, I perceive," said Edgar; "he is a money-lender, and you are his agent."

Franz admitted that that might be the case.

"Well, look here," said Edgar; "if you will lend me the money, and get me out of this cursed place you shall have a hundred per cent. for your master, and fifty per cent. for yourself. It is only a miserable sum of two hundred pounds."

"But de security?" said Stimm.

"I have no security to offer you but my own note of hand," said Greyfaunt, "and you know what my expectations are. The girl is madly in love with me, and I have only to make her an offer to secure the prize. She will throw herself into my arms, fortune and all."

"Vil you gif me a letter to dat effeck dat I show mein master?" said Stimm.

"Certainly," said Greyfaunt. "Who is your master? Let me know the name of my disinterested friend?"

"His name is Constant," said the courier.

"What! Constant, who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel?"

"De same," said Franz.

"Ah," said Greyfaunt, gayly, "they are sharp fellows, those hotel-keepers. Constant has, no doubt, got wind of the girl's attachment to me, and wants to do a stroke of business over the affair. Very good, Monsieur Constant, I am obliged to you."

And the heartless puppy, who would not have hesitated to buy Lily first and sell her afterward, sat down and wrote a letter to the hotel-keeper. It ran thus:

> "SIR,—If you are willing to lend me two hundred pounds, I will give you my note of hand for five hundred, or a larger sum if you require it. I understand that you are fully aware of the freak of fortune which has transformed the daughter of a circus-woman into a sort of Indian princess. I believe, too, you are not ignorant of the fact that she is devoted to me, and that I have only to hold up my finger to make her mine. Nothing stands between me and the golden prize but the bolts and bars of this infernal cage. You may ascertain this for yourself, only use discretion. If you serve me in this, you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder.
>
> "Yours, etc.,
>
> "EDGAR GREYFAUNT.
>
> "To J. B. CONSTANT, Esquire."

"There," said Greyfaunt, "take your master that, and let me have an answer at once. Delays are dangerous in these cases."

Stimm took the letter to his master, and Jean Baptiste Constant opened and read it. He had already been warned with respect to Greyfaunt's character, but he was not prepared for such heartlessness, such sordid baseness as this letter disclosed.

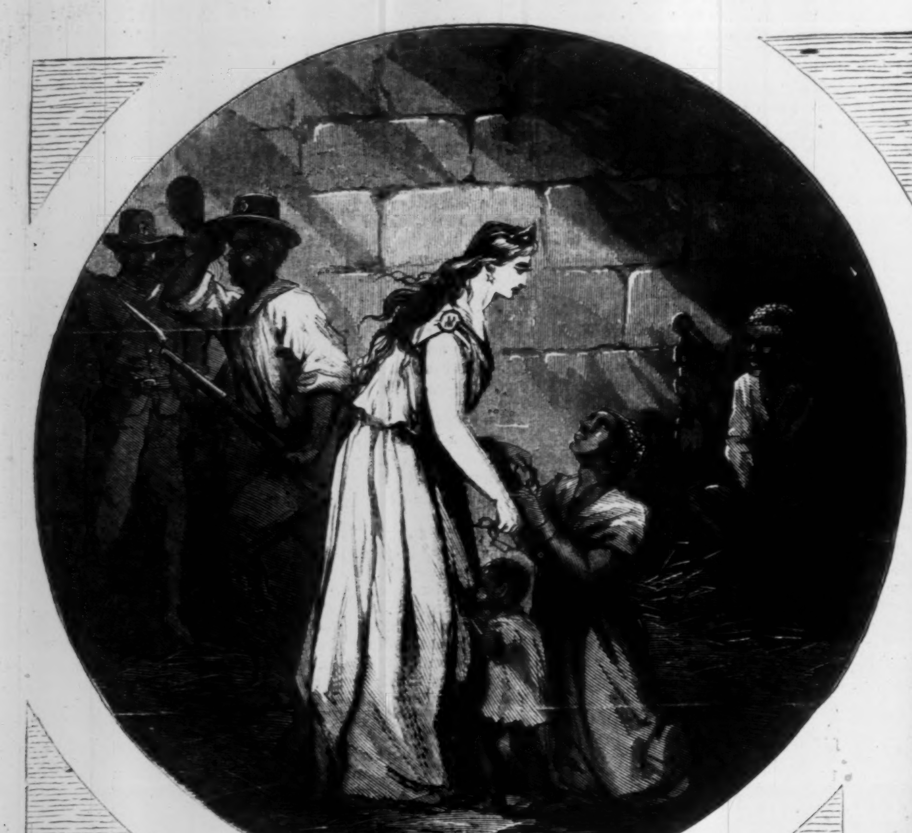
"The scoundrel!" he muttered through his teeth. "It is lucky for him I did not go, Stimm. I should have murdered him. And it is for such a wretch as this that poor Lily is sighing her life away! She can not know how base he is, but she shall know; she shall not remain ignorant of his character for another hour."

Constant's first impulse was to show Lily the letter at once; but on reflection he decided to proceed more cautiously, and to break the news by degrees. He told her, first, that he had succeeded in discovering Greyfaunt.

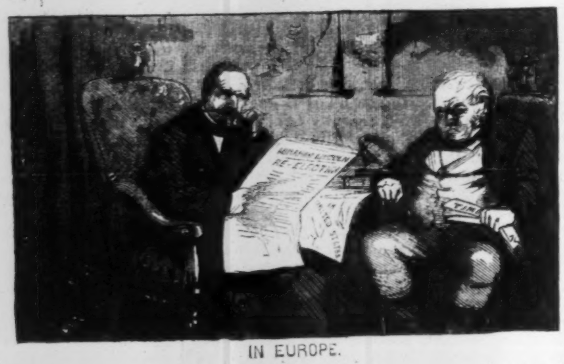
Lily's eager look of pleasure pained him, and filled his breast with anger. He could scarcely restrain himself. To the torrent of anxious inquiries which she poured upon him he replied coldly, without any further attempt to soften the information which he had to convey.

"Edgar Greyfaunt," he said, "is a heartless adventurer. Read that letter."

Lily read the letter, read it again and again without lifting her eyes, and at length her head sank upon her bosom, and the letter fell from her hands upon the floor. The idol her yearning heart had set up for itself in the days of her solitude lay crushed and broken at her feet.



THANK GOD FOR MARYLAND FREEING HER SLAVES.



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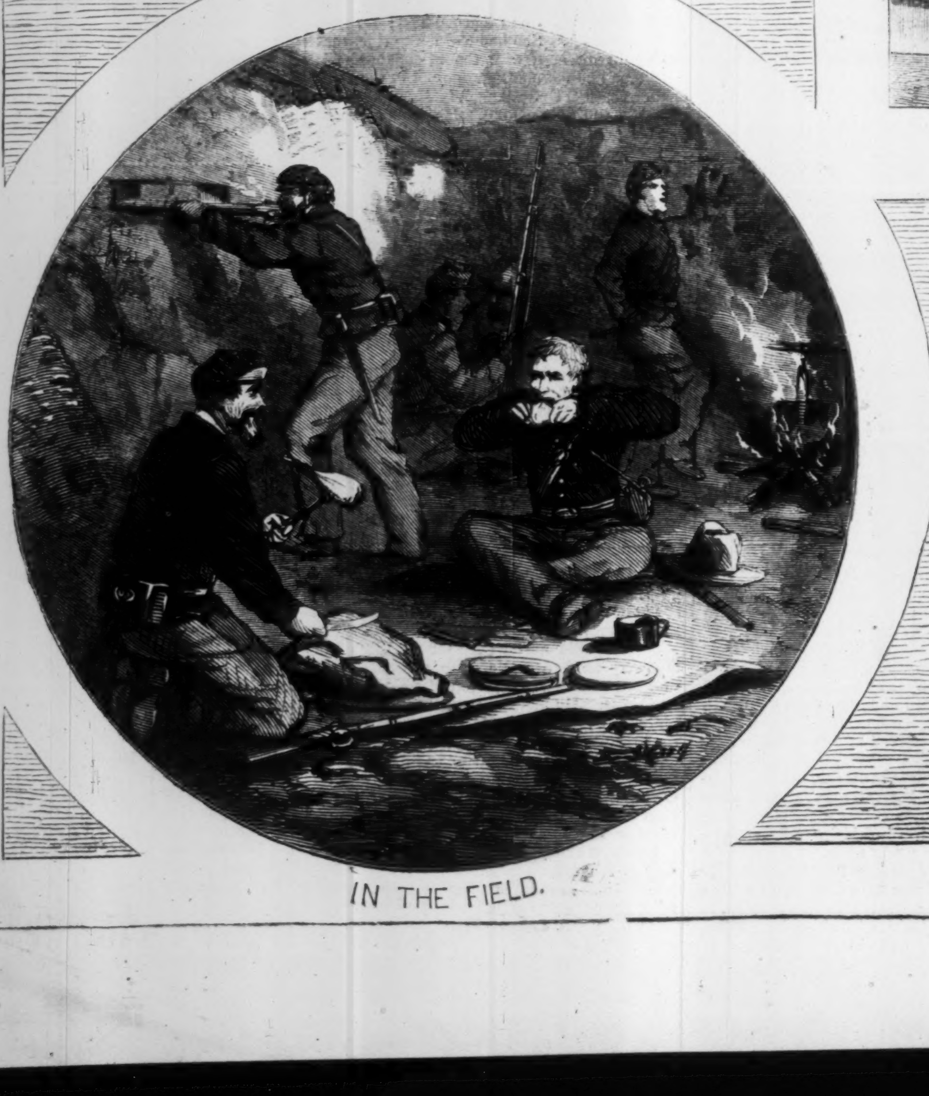

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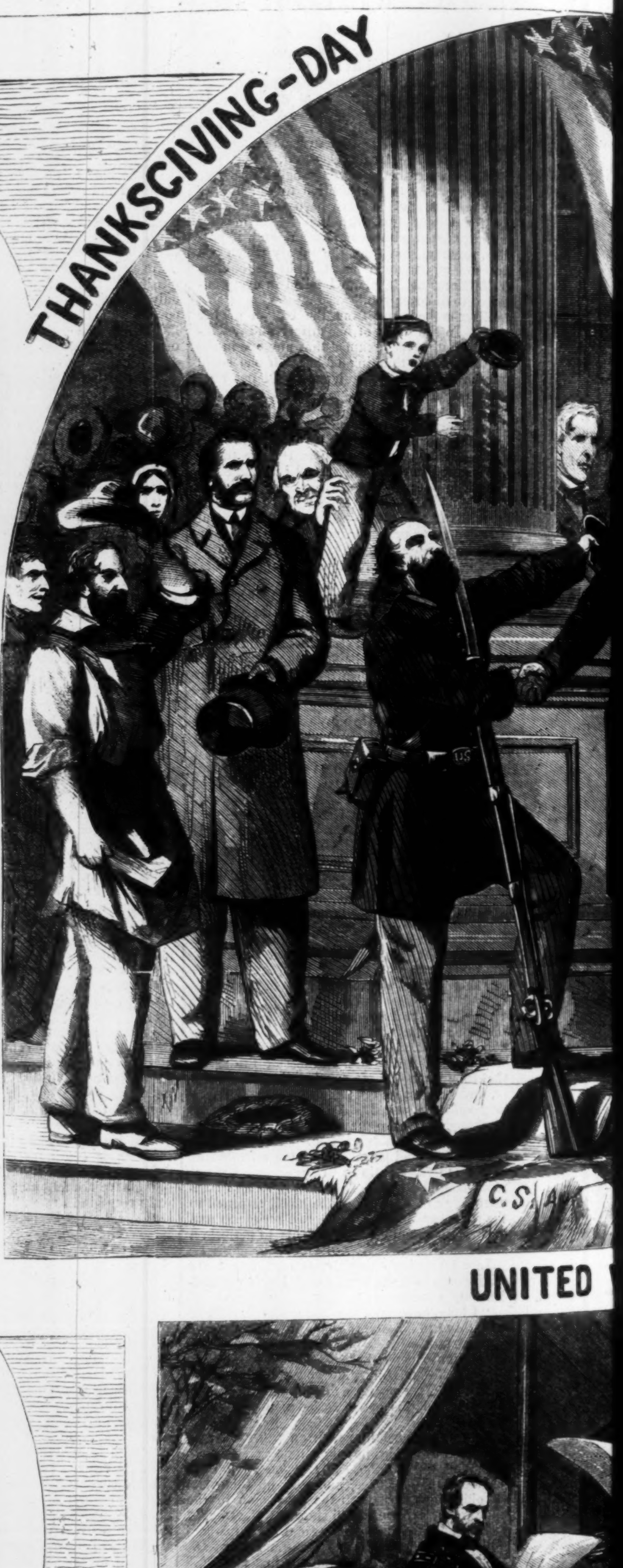

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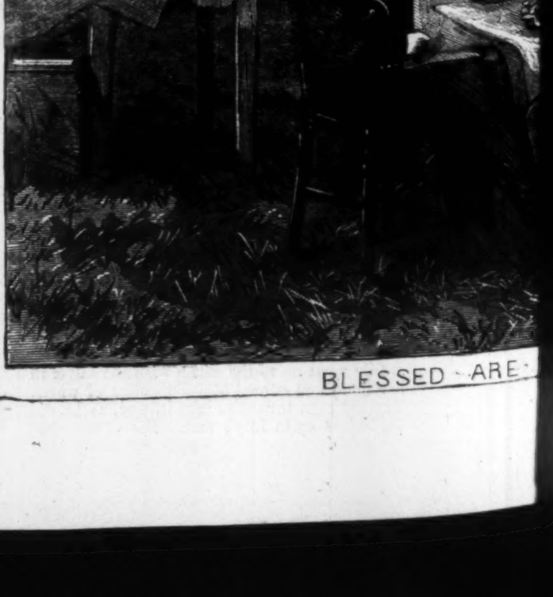

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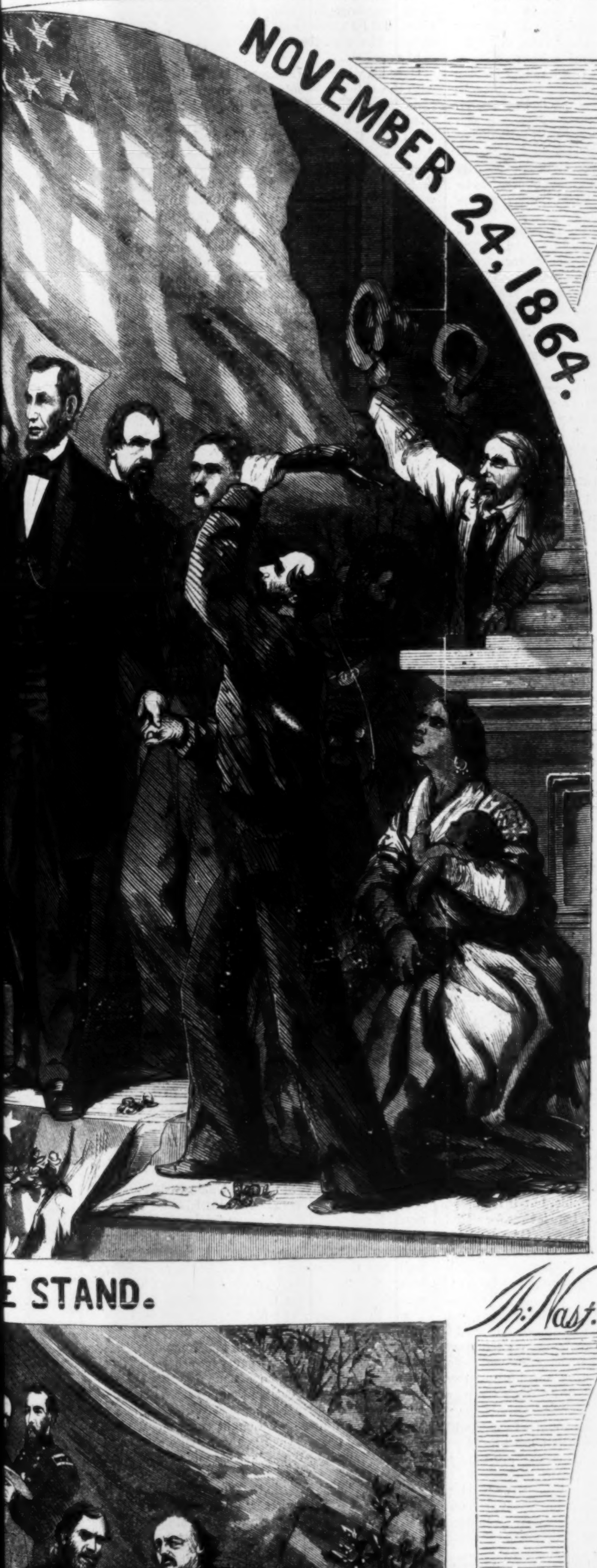
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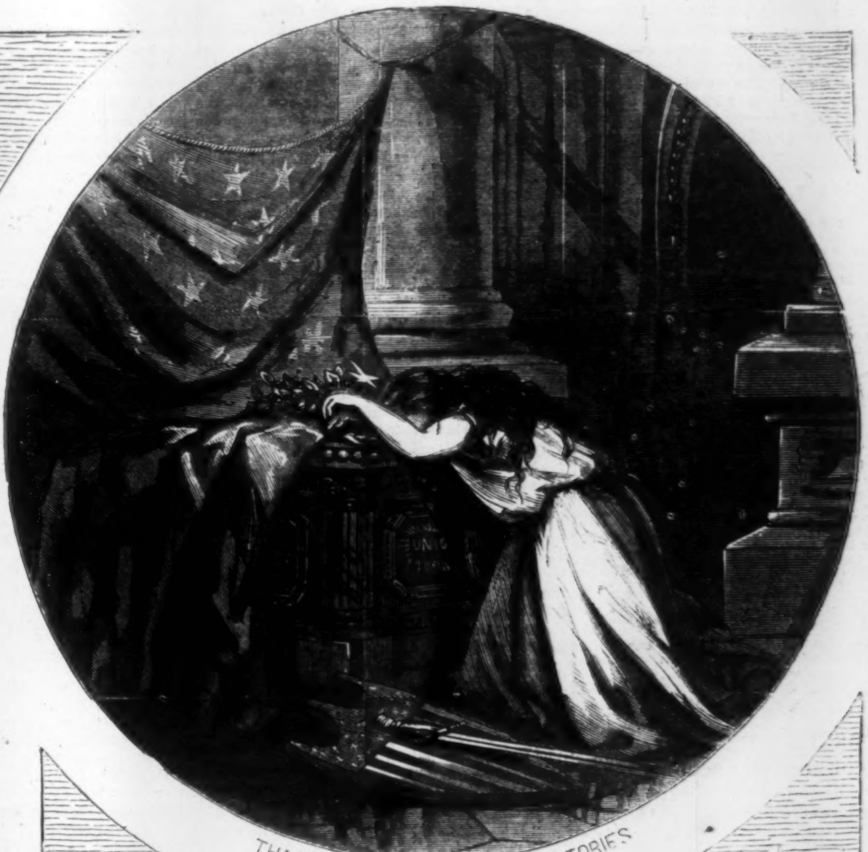
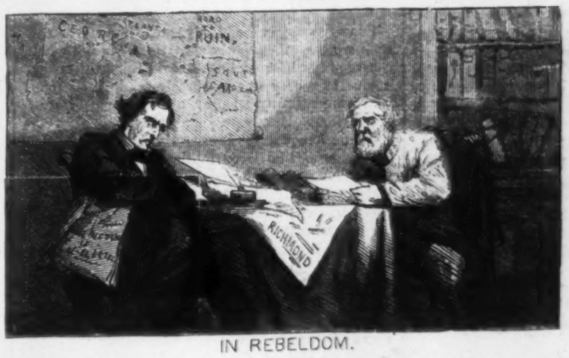


THANK GOD FOR OUR UNION VICTORIES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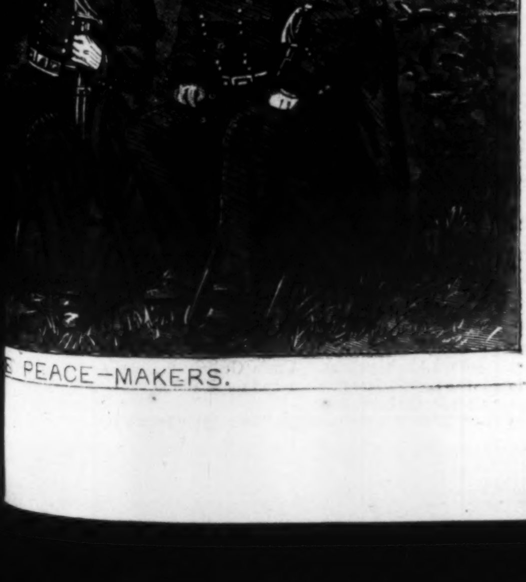
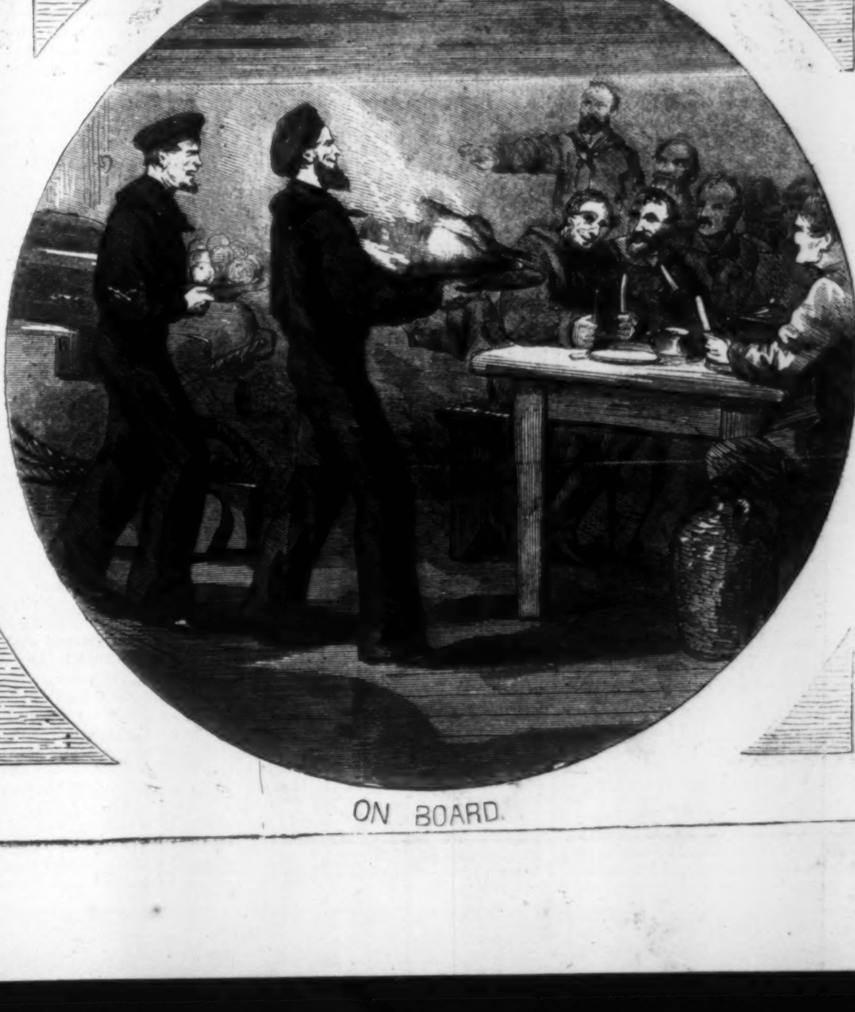


S PEACE-MAKERS.



ON BOARD.

TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG.

The great Tunnel which has been excavated under the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which we illustrate on page 773, will, in connection with bridges over the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, shorten the distance to Steubenville thirty miles. This will render the Steubenville and Pittsburg Railroad the nearest and most available route from New York to Cincinnati. The tunnel runs beneath some of the largest edifices of Pittsburg, and but for its very substantial structure would certainly endanger some of the habitations of that smoky town.

A LAMENT.

Purer the new-born snow-drops of the spring,
Fairer the blue-bells of the waning year,
Richer and dearer every mystic thing
That heavenly thoughts to earthly hearts doth bring—
The stars that beckon and the winds that sing,
If thou wert here.

And lovelier far the mountain and the lake,
More gay the summer, grander autumn sere,
And birds would blither pipe from bower and brake,
And kindlier music would the wild sea make,
And less wild whispers through the poplars shake,
If thou wert here.

Fields would gleam greener in the morning fine,
Shadows fall softer in the even clear,
And setting suns and moony nights benign
On these desiring eyes enchanted shine,
And music hide a meaning more divine,
If thou wert here.

Swift-stealing weeks would not seem weary-slow,
Nor the long hours of lonesome dusk so drear,
Nor eyes look wistful in the firelight glow,
Nor musing alway drift to sadness so,
Nor dream-joys sicken to a waking woe,
If thou wert here.

And paths were pleasant which I shuddering shun,
And one blank birthday were a day of cheer,
And love's light duties wondrous worth had won,
And irksome labors with delight were done,
And all were brighter underneath the sun,
If thou wert here.

UNCLE GODFREY.

I.—TODMORTEN RECTORY.

It was the day before Christmas-day, and the Rev. Mr. Latimer was busy finishing his Christmas sermon, or rather, if we must confess it, "heel-tapping" an old one.

The reverend gentleman had just settled the Coal-club accounts, and that excellent work of charity had warmed his heart, and made him at peace with all the world. The frost was feathering the window-panes; in the ruts of the Todmorten lanes the ice lay like fragments of shivered plate-glass; the twigs of the laurel-bushes at the rectory window were furred with crystals; and the robin, puffing out his little crimson breast till it looked like an alderman's waistcoat, sat on the standard rose-tree at the study window, watching, with interest, Mr. Latimer as he put the new piece into the old garment.

The sermon completed, Mr. Latimer went headforemost into the Blanket-club accounts, and soon discovered the pleasing fact that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a proper Christmas frame of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

But young rectors with large families, if they have their pleasures, have also their alloys. The monthly wash had just begun, and a large screen of steaming sheets is by no means a conductor of heat, especially when placed between yourself and the fire; nor does the necessity of turning these square acres of linen at fitting intervals conduce to the concentration of mind that accounts require.

A cook must have unceasing pleasure in the savory chemistry of his profession; but to watch a large sauce-pan, and stir its contents every quarter of an hour, under pain of your wife's indignation, is not consistent with any steady mental labor. Yet all these small annoyances the Rev. Frederick Latimer bore like a Christian and a lamb, for he was a good, kind-hearted, domestic man, who respected the saving of the family wash, and knew that the kitchen-fire was fully occupied, and that what he did was no work of supererogation.

That slapping and shaking noise in the kitchen was, he knew, Mrs. Latimer folding, and that sound portended a busy day, and in that busy day he was willing to make himself useful.

The children were out sliding—getting fiery red by tumbling on the back of their heads, and performing the "cobbler's knock" on the village-pond. They had been busy cutting holly-boughs for the church that morning, and the sliding was their reward.

"Jane, my dear," cried the Rev. Mr. Latimer to his wife, as he put on his great-coat and hat, and seized his black-thorn stick, "I'm just going to see old Martha Hacker; and then I shall step up to the church and see how Payne gets on with the decorations. I shall be back to lunch at one.—Those sheets in my study are quite dry, and the sauce-pan has been on the boil ten minutes."

"Stop a moment, Fred," cried Mrs. Latimer; "I want to speak to you before you go out."

Mr. Latimer was ruffled. "Well, now, what is it, my dear? I can not stop now; I must be off."

Mrs. Latimer appeared, and remonstrated. "Why, Fred, how impatient you are! All I want to ask is, if you wrote your usual invitation to Uncle Godfrey for Christmas. Of course he won't come, but still we oughtn't to forget him."

"Yes, I wrote on Monday. Did I ever forget to write to him—the old selfish hunks! Good-by, darling. Send down for the children if they are not in in half an hour; it is now just eleven."

II.—THE ELEVEN-FORTY TRAIN.

Todmorten was a pretty village in Dorsetshire. It lay in a little valley, surrounded by wooded hills and sloping fields, and was intersected by a railway.

The eleven-forty train slided out of the distance and stopped, with bragging puffs of smoke, at the Todmorten Station. It took up its load and slid off again, with jerks of white vapor, and disappeared in the direction of Poole. The station grew again lonely; and the only sounds, the rattling of the tight cords of the signal-post, and the murmur of the wind against the telegraph-wires.

Ten minutes after the solitary arrival an old-fashioned man with a wooden leg stumped slowly up Todmorten Hill. The butcher saw him, the grocer saw him, the blacksmith saw him, the guests at the bar-parlor of the Peal of Bells saw him, and discussed him. One and all pronounced him to be "a regular old guy," evidently come by the train, and bound to the neighboring village.

The children from the rectory window saw him—for the rectory was on a hill, and commanded the village—and marveled at his wooden leg.

The eldest girl, Dora, her golden fleece of back hair tossing in the air, ran to describe him to Mrs. Latimer. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "there is such a funny man coming up the hill—he's got a wooden leg! George says he moves it as if it was a compass and he was drawing a circle. Oh, it's such fun! Do come and see!"

Mrs. Latimer allowed herself to be dragged into the parlor by Dora, George, and Willy, and looked through the window. The wooden-legged man was only thirty yards off. She had no sooner seen him than she gave a hysterical scream, and exclaimed, "Uncle Godfrey! Run, Dora, and tell cook to go and take the sheets and the sauce-pan out of the study; and, George, go and tell Susan to put on a clean apron, and go to the front-door. Dear me, how unfortunate papa not being in!"

The next moment there was a strange sound on the rectory gravel-walk, and a sharp, curt knock at the door. Susan was a long time answering the door; when she did so she received a rebuke that she did not soon forget.

"Young woman," said the old gentleman, furiously, "is this the way you are taught to attend to your master's visitors? Nice weather to be kept in the cold. Ugh! it bites one's nose off. Lucky you're not in my service, or out you'd go this day-month. Is Mr. Latimer in?"

"Nasty, cross old thing!" thought Susan, as she replied: "No, Sir; Mr. Latimer is out in the parish."

"Who cares where he is? If he's not in, where's your missus?"

"Up stairs."

"Very well, then, tell her to come down stairs."

"What name, if you please?"

"Godfrey Dodson."

Susan swept out of the room. She never saw such a cross, unmannerly old "thing" in the whole course of her life; and so she told Ellen the cook.

Uncle Godfrey was a short, irascible little man, who wore a brown spencer, a low-crowned hat of the old hour-glass shape, popular some twenty years ago, and long drab gaiters. He was an old-bachelor recluse, who lived in the Adelphi, in rooms which he never allowed any body to enter, and which were stuffed full of pictures, etchings, buhl cabinets, snuff-boxes, and old china. Early in life he had been a dry-salter in Liverpool, and since then had devoted himself laboriously to doing nothing, and exciting the expectations of his poorer relations. Mrs. Latimer had only seen her uncle once since she was married.

Godfrey Dodson was one of those old connoisseurs who are to be seen any morning in the show-rooms of Messrs. Christie & Manson, examining etchings suspiciously through huge glasses, opening and shutting with half delight, half distrust, remarkable agate snuff-boxes, walking backward from spurious Raphaels, opening and shutting the drawers of inlaid cabinets, and looking for the maker's name and date of lustrous majolica plates. They know the very year every picture was painted, and where the original of it is, and what it fetched. They know every alteration that Hogarth made in his engravings, and fall into raptures over what other people would think a defect. They eye the auctioneer with a magpie look of expectancy and cunning, and the dealers with glances of hostility and distrust. They hoard and accumulate with the craft of ravens and the industry of ants, and enjoy the pleasant reflection that when they die the sale of their effects will be held in the same room as that in which they have spent so much of their time, and will give extreme delight to a great many collectors, their old rivals during life; for the finest collection is, after all, like a heap of leaves scattered in a field, that must sooner or later be blown apart and scattered to the four winds. Still, no doubt, in spite of this unpleasant reflection, there is great pleasure in amassing, and there will be collectors like Uncle Godfrey as long as the world goes on spinning.

Uncle Godfrey had a lean, wizen face; cold, keen, suspicious eyes; short, stubbly, white hair; overhanging eyebrows, and a projecting lower lip that expressed a sour contempt for all he heard and saw. He wore the frilled shirt-front of a past age, and the little scarlet under-waistcoat, with just the edge showing, such as was the fashion forty years ago. Altogether, one's impression of him was, that he was a shrewd, cynical old hunks; eccentric, dogmatic, rich, and arbitrary.

When Mrs. Latimer, not waiting to change her dress, but just adjusting her cap, and making herself neat, glided into the room, half pleased, half frightened, Uncle Godfrey was standing with his back to the door examining a print of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" with a malicious contempt.

He turned round as his niece entered, and without greeting her, and just as if he had been an inmate of the house for twenty years, said with a sort of grunt, "This is the sort of rubbish people in the country hang on their walls, instead of having one or two good pictures. Ugh! It is only fit for a poulterer's parlor."

"But dear uncle, Frederick and I can not afford pictures. But how are you? How long it is since we have seen you! Why don't you come oftener? What a happy Christmas we shall spend!" And all the time she kept saying to herself, "Only to think of his coming!"

Uncle Godfrey watched her from under his terrier eyebrows for a moment or two in suspicious silence; then he took her hand, and looking her searchingly in the face, he said: "Jane, you are a sensible girl: you didn't keep me waiting while you put on a lot of finery. Don't thank me for coming down to see you, for I only did it because I thought you didn't mean it, and I thought it would teach you a lesson; and as to pictures, I suppose you can't afford them. I know I can't. I sell mine as fast as I buy them—ugh! and at a good profit too. Where are the children? Plenty of them, I suppose; the poorer a man is the more children Providence always sends him. Ugh! Where's Latimer?"

"Gone out, dear uncle, to see the poor, and how to distribute the Christmas charities; and I ought to be out with him; but, you see, we poor people have to wash at home, and do many things."

"There; no ostentation of poverty and economy. Stuff about Christmas! Why give away more than usual at Christmas? Is a man more hungry at Christmas, or colder, or poorer? Aren't there other times to give? Bah! I hate Christmas—all one's bills come in then."

"Oh, there's Frederick coming—I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Latimer, looking out of the window. "Oh, how glad he will be to see you, uncle!"

"Not so sure of that, though I am rich. Now, mind, I'll have no fuss made about me—no extras. As for wine, I've brought down some of my own. Don't like port that's half catchup, and the other half logwood. No, don't go; I'll open the door."

Away stumped the strange being to open the door. Mr. Latimer stared, horror-struck, at the wooden-legged apparition.

"I thought it would knock you down," said Uncle Godfrey. "Never ask a man again you don't want to see."

"But I'm delighted. My dear Sir—"

"There; no flummery. Here I am, and you must make the best of me for a week. You're quite right to ask me. The Fitzsimmonses asked me too, and I generally go there. Confound Christmas! I wish it was abolished. Festivity, indeed! Why, I'd rather be eating my chop alone at the Rainbow or the Cock in Fleet Street, than share the best Christmas dinner in England."

Mr. Latimer did not know whether to be offended or not, but, as he had expectations from Uncle Godfrey, he thought, on the whole, he had better bear it, so he smiled, and took him by the hand.

In rushed the children, but when they saw the stranger they drew back. Dora seated herself in shy state on a distant sofa; George came coaxingly up to his father, and took his hand; while Willy, the "tot," nestled up to his mother, and half hid himself in her gown.

"George used to be your favorite, uncle," said Mrs. Latimer.

Uncle Godfrey looked at him, and growled: "Time he went to sea. Ugh! Do you send that girl to school? Why don't you cut her hair shorter? She'll be bald at thirty."

Mrs. Latimer was indignant; but nothing made any impression on the rich uncle, who, turning his back on her, proceeded to question her husband.

"Well, Latimer," said he, "still grubbing on as a curate, I suppose. Nice profession; its prizes so easy to get, and so evenly distributed. Bishops so humble and active—no pride. Ugh! Sixty years' work for a curate, and a hundred a year the end of it. Every one on you for alms, and obliged to give more than the squires with ten thousand a year. Better be a laborer. Ugh! Any head-clerk in a merchant's office could buy up three curates. Ugh!"

Mr. Latimer deprecated Uncle Godfrey's severity. "Our life," he said, "is humble, but it is happy, and free from temptations. There is time for study, and quiet for domestic happiness. Grand people are too busy for domestic happiness; houses always too full to enjoy the society of their wives and children. Your clerk might buy me up, but he could not buy my happiness."

"Good—something in that. But suppose you live above your income, and debts press. Responsibilities of the rich without their means; too proud to put your children into trade. Strange pride. Ugh! I thought Christianity taught humility. You clergy preach it enough, but where's the practicing?"

"My dear Sir, you do me wrong. I would willingly get George into a banker's office when he is old enough, but even city situations are hard to get."

"Take you at your word. I'll get the boy into a house in Mincing Lane. Aim low—that's the way to get on; better than your beggarly profession, and bring up your family paupers."

Mr. Latimer overflowed with thanks.

"There; no trying to please the rich old uncle, just because he is rich. And so you have been arranging the Christmas charities. Ugh! all folly; makes the poor people mendicants. Who'll work when he can get more begging? Got a night-school in your parish?"

"We have—a flourishing one."

"There again—puffing up the poor. Teaching servants to read one's letters, and forge and swindle. Stuff! When do you dine? I'm hungry. Shouldn't object to a glass of wine—my own, though. The porter's brought it up from the station by this to me. Where's my bedroom? I like a fire at night. I'll just go and wash my hands, and take my spencer off, while you get me a crust and a glass of my own port-wine. Ugh! how cold this place is. Get out of the way, children!"

"What a horrid old creature!" thought Dora. George was secretly examining his wooden leg, and wondering whether it moved by clock-work.

Uncle Godfrey was not softened even by dinner.

"Jane," said he, "never have soup till you have a cook that understands it. This is paste, not soup. You girl, keep the door shut—the draught comes to my back; and keep the fire up; it is all in one corner. I don't like stale bread. Haven't you got some new, and no crust? Can't you see I've got false teeth?"

"Jane," said he, a little later, "the mutton hasn't hung long enough. I suppose you play on the piano, and let the cook do as she likes. Take my advice—discharge that woman; the potatoes are as hard as bullets."

Over his wine Mr. Latimer—his wife being gone with the children—ventured to lament the ascetic loneliness of Uncle Godfrey's life, and to wish he lived nearer to them.

"I like it," said the amiable anchorite of the Adelphi. "Every one to his taste. Some people like fidgety children, that break and spoil every thing, and some don't. Ugh! Latimer, when I was young I had a disappointment that in one day turned my heart into a jar of vinegar; my blood since that is cold and sour. I have my own fancies, and I follow them. I'd rather die in a ditch than surrounded by legacy-hunters—counting the sand in my hour-glass as it ran out, pampering me, encouraging my follies, agreeing with me, and all the time longing to see the hearse come and fetch me to the nettly damp corner of some respectable cemetery. Ugh! I know them, I know them; but they shall wait a bit—they shall wait a bit. Pass the bottle. Why doesn't that slut bring the coffee?"

That night Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, when their pleasant guest had gone to bed, and all the house was quiet, discussed Uncle Godfrey.

Mr. Latimer, with all his amiability, was much irritated at the brutality and rudeness of the rich, suspicious old hoarder.

"But, my dear Fred," said Mrs. Latimer, "remember the children, and bear with uncle. Remember we have expectations; and do think of those dreadful bills, and how little we have to meet them."

"My dear Jane," said her husband, "I could do any thing for your sake and for the children's; but I really can not bear this man's insolence. Every kind word he attributes to our hopes of his money—bother his money!"

"Fred!"

"I tell you, Jane, I can not and will not bear this mean suspicion. My ideal may be somewhat blunted by poverty, but still I am not all earth yet, and bear it I will not. If I am civil to him, remember, Jane, it is because he is your relation."

The next day was Christmas-day and Uncle Godfrey was led to church triumphantly by Mrs. Latimer and the children, and ensconced in a bower of holly, and under an emblazoned mural monument to the memory of General Runagates, a hero of the old American war.

At dinner that day Uncle Godfrey was severe on country churches.

"Too much coughing," he said. "Ugh! Why do you allow that chorus of coughing old women in the aisle? They are all deaf; they only come to advertise themselves, as wanting new shoes and fresh cloaks. Ugh! I know them. How the ducks quacked when you were reading, and how that donkey brayed when you read those bans, as if rejoicing at another fool's marriage. Latimer, you shoot over the people's heads. What on earth do your chawbacons care about the Antinomian sect and the errors of the Welsh Pelagius. Bah! Follow them into their daily life; they don't know how to live on earth yet; make them fit for that before you go further.—You, girl, don't grin there, but give me some beer.—Jane, do you teach Dora to eat with her knife, and George to throw bread-crumbs at Willy? Thank Heaven, I'm a bachelor!"

At whist, his favorite game, Uncle Godfrey was still more terrible. He always refused to take dummy. He stumped with his wooden leg if his partner forgot the thirteenth card, or lost a trick by any momentary absence of mind. If the game went well, and there was any long sequence of success, he grew malicious, and openly hinted that his opponent was losing on purpose to please him—an insult to his play; and Mr. Latimer resented the accusation.

"They always do it at the Fitzsimmonses," replied Uncle Godfrey. "I never lose there. They let me win shillings in hope some day they'll turn to guineas; but I'll outlive them yet. That Fitzsimmons is weak in his chest.—By-the-by, how's your chest, Latimer? I thought your voice weaker than it used to be.—George, don't make that noise with the humming-top.—Jane, do you ever flog that boy?"

"Uncle," said Mrs. Latimer at breakfast on the seventh day of the visit, "I have arranged with Mrs. Benson to go to-morrow to see Melcombe—it is one of our show-places—you must not return without seeing that."

"Hate show-places: cold, damp rooms; fussy, pompous housekeepers; too proud to tell you any thing; willing enough to take large fees; hurried, and see nothing. No, I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Latimer in a breath, for they had grown accustomed to the old bachelor's *brusquerie*, and began to be amused with his shrewd honesty and caustic frankness.

"To-morrow—said to-morrow when I came—and meant what I said. Sponge on you no longer; poor people. Besides, all my port's gone—can't drink catchup and logwood. I and my wooden leg go to-morrow.—Glad of it, ain't you, Dora?—George, come here and polish my wooden leg.—Willy, give uncle a kiss, and go to bed; it is getting late.—You'll be a happy family to-morrow, old Uncle Godfrey back in his den."

The morrow came, somehow or other. The Latimers were sorry to part with the old Tartar. The children liked his odd stories, and the tricks he showed them with cards; his ventriloquisms, and the droll drawings he did for them.

The train came sliding in, curving like a great jointed black serpent. Uncle Godfrey mounted into a second-class carriage, and shook all the Latimers by the hand.

"You won't see me again," he said; "I sha'n't see many more winters. Admiral Death has already hoisted the storm-signal for me. Good-by. Don't let the children eat too much. When I die I shall leave you a set of china, just to remember me.—Good-by, Latimer; good-by, Dora, dear; good-by, Jane, my love; good-by, Willy, pet; good-by, George. I liked my visit, though you did let me win at whist."

The train slid off.

"Well, somehow or other, I miss him," said Mrs. Latimer.

Her husband did not assent very warmly to his wife's remark. An odd thought had struck him, as the children ran laughing and bounding on before their father and mother.

"How strange it would be, Jane," said the good, thoughtful man, turning on the frost-bound hill to watch the train, now a mere swift black caterpillar in the valley—"how strange it would be if, instead of dying with a struggle and a wrench, or in slow pain and decay, as we do now, when men were to die, a mysterious summons should come in a black letter, warning us, on a certain day and hour, to be at the nearest railway station. Then, that we should go, after a calm but still ineffably solemn farewell, and at the appointed hour, a mysterious black train, spirit-driven, should arrive, and an irresistible impulse should force us then to mount into the carriage, and be borne off swiftly, quietly, into the inscrutable far distance."

"Oh, Fred, how can you think of such horrid things!" said Mrs. Latimer.—"Well, do you know, somehow or other, I do miss Uncle Godfrey."

"And so do we," cried the children.

"Poor Uncle Dodfrey!" said "Tot."

"Will he ever come to see us again?" asked George.

"Not if I can help it," thought Mr. Latimer, clenching his teeth, and looking as sternly as he could.

III.—THE CARRION CROWS.

Exactly twelve months from the date of that visit Uncle Godfrey was found dead in his arm-chair, in his solitary chambers at the Adelphi. It is probable that he had been dead several days, for though the laundress had neglected to inform the neighbors, no light had been seen in the room for three nights. Singularly enough, it was remembered that the deceased had latterly shown some desire to be more social, and had even appeared spectrally one night in full dress at the door of the gentleman on the first-floor, who was, however, just starting for a party, and could not see him.

The rooms were found to be an inch deep in a snuff-like dust, and crowded with china, pictures, furniture, and port-folios. The inner room resembled an immense mouse-trap, for it was strewn with pounds of bacon and sections of cheap cheese. A miser and a millionaire—Nebuchadnezzar driven from men, and Sardanapalus grown careful, seemed to have inhabited these chambers together. Oh, what misery, and deadness of heart, and deprivation of sweet home-pleasures! what scorn for, or insane blindness to, love and home, were evidenced in that sordid solitude, in that voluntary prison, in that splendid Bastile!

It was too late. The hoarder had been torn from his hoard by no murderer or thief, but by the great severer of all human ties.

After Godfrey Dodson's funeral his will was read at the office of his lawyers, Messrs. Fox and Shekell.

No one was present but the Fitzsimmonses, but they were all there—Mr. F., a fribble of a man; Mrs. F., a vulgar, strong-minded woman, who was alternately smiles and tears; and the three Misses F., all apparently of the same age, and only distinguishable apart by the graduated redness of their noses, and the comparative hardness of their spinster faces.

They were all in black, and looked like the Fates, wanting only the wheel, the distaff, and the scissors. They were all shrouded in crape; they all wore coarse black kid gloves too big for them, and with great black poddy fingers an inch too long.

If grief could be expressed by crape the Fitzsimmonses were heart-broken. They were swathed in crape; there was a top-heavy banner of crape on Fitzsimmons's hat; there were wisps of crape on Mrs. F.'s bonnet; they gloried in crape. They looked like the family of a young undertaker who has just secured a small funeral, and was proud of the business.

The room was one of those drab-colored, dingy lawyers' rooms, walled in with deed-boxes—the black sarcophagi of extinct fortunes; the ceiling black with smoke; the cocoa-nut matting dirty, and splashed with ink.

After a good deal of whispering with clerks, and runnings in and out with law-papers, Mr. Fox sat down, chuckled solemnly, opened the will, rubbed his hands, and began to read it.

It was very short. The deceased had left five thousand pounds to the Fitzsimmonses, all his china and pictures also to them; and nothing to the poor Latimers but his wooden leg, to be sent to them as a remembrance.

The Fitzsimmonses thrilled with delight; the black forest of crape rustled with satisfaction. Every one got up and shook hands with the lawyer. Mr. Fox poured them each out a glass of sherry, and then poured himself out one, and drank their health. Then there was a universal eulogy of the "dear deceased," and some unnecessary wiping of eyes, till they looked red and natural.

"Depend upon me, my dear friends," said Mr. Fox, rubbing his hands as undertakers do after a successful funeral—"depend upon me, this matter shall be settled as soon as possible. I will set all my clerks upon it.—Parker, mind you begin this matter early to-morrow morning. I shall pack up our poor friend Latimer's legacy to-night. Ha, ha! Oh dear, oh dear, what an eccentric being!"

The Fitzsimmonses sniggled maliciously.

IV.—THE LEGACY.

It had been a hard year for the poor Latimers. George had gone to school, and that was expensive. A needy brother returning from Canada had drained off the rest of worthy Mr. L.'s ready money. And now it wanted three days to the time of paying the interest on his life-insurance for his wife, and where to turn to for a spare ten pounds he did not know.

When the master is sad, if there is any sympathy or love in a family, every one is more or less depressed. So it was that that cold March evening the Latimers, as they sat round the fire after dinner discussing not "the catchup and logwood," but some humble mulled elder-wine, were silent and sad. George held Dora's hand, and Willy nestled on the foot-stool. Suddenly the door opened, and Susan came in. "If you please, Sir, there is a large hamper come from the station; six-and-twopence to pay."

"How jolly!" said George, leaping up and clapping his hands.

Mr. Latimer, as he counted out the money, looked as if he thought paying six-and-twopence was by no means jolly.

"What can it be?" said Mrs. Latimer.

The hamper came in. It was tied round with red tape, and sealed with black. On the card was written, "*In re* Godfrey Dodson, deceased.—With Messrs. Fox and Shekell's compliments."

The Latimers had long ceased to entertain any hope of a legacy, but hope now rose again in their eyes.

"Hurrah! here's my knife, papa," cried George.

"It's china!" said Dora.

"Give me some of it," cried "Tot," whose head had not yet grown above the level of the table, and therefore could see nothing of the interior of the mysterious hamper.

Mr. Latimer cut the red tape. The hamper was full of hay, and on the hay was a sealed letter in Uncle Godfrey's handwriting. Mr. Latimer tore it open. The contents ran thus:

> "Dear Latimer,—I found out the tricks and humbug of the Fitzsimmonses. My visit taught me to respect and love you and Jane. I have been a fool to live as I have done, but it is too late to alter now. The keepsake I send is rather curious in its mechanism.—Think of old cross Uncle Godfrey sometimes. Farewell.
>
> "Godfrey Dodson."

In a moment Mr. Latimer's hand plunged into the hay, and drew out, not a casket nor a box of gold, but Uncle Godfrey's wooden leg.

For a moment Mr. Latimer remained as if turned to stone, and grasping the wooden leg in his hand. Then the color mounting to his face, he cried, sternly, "George, run and ask cook for the bill-hook from the wood-house."

George ran. Mrs. Latimer seized her husband's arm. "Don't, Fred, don't; it is cruel. But what could we expect?"

"Selfish, heartless old miser!" cried her husband, stamping his foot. "What right had he to come and mock and tempt us, and insult us with a vile thing? Was he not hard, and frozen, and [illegible] less enough in his lifetime, but must he rise from his very grave to strike a pang into our hearts, at such a moment, too, of pain and anxiety?"

George ran in at this moment with a heavy sharp bill-hook.

"Thus," said Latimer, with a cleaving blow, "do I doom his cruel present to its only real use—to feed the fire and perish, as the memory of all useless, selfish men will perish."

As he said this Latimer lopped off the peg-end of the leg and thrust it into the fire, where it instantly broke into a rejoicing blaze. At the second blow the bill-hook struck deep in the wood, and refused to go further. Taken out and restruck there was a metallic sound, as if it had reached some iron screw. On looking, it was evident that a small flat box had somehow or other been slid into the centre of the block. The astonishment and excitement grew tremendous.

George ran for the meat-saw, and two skillful cross-cuts disclosed a small flat tin box soldered down. What could it be? Mr. Latimer got a sardine-knife, and ripping it open discovered that it was full of paper. A further search disclosed five thousand pounds in closely-wedged bank-notes. One thousand pounds' worth were labeled "Jane," another thousand, "Frederick;" a third thousand, "Willy;" a fourth thousand, "Dora;" a fifth thousand, "Tot." On many of them there were crumply blisters, as if a tear or two had fallen on the paper.

How can I describe the joy and gratitude of the good people—how Mr. Latimer kissed Mrs. Latimer, then all the children—and how the children danced for joy, and blessed dear Uncle Godfrey?

V.—AN IMPORTANT AFTER-THOUGHT.

Two days after this a tall, neatly-dressed skeleton of a man presented himself at the office of Messrs. Fox and Shekell. He was shown into Mr. Fox's private room.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "I am File, of the firm of File and Rasper, Clements Inn. Latterly we did the greater part of the late Mr. Dodson's business, as I dare say you know. I have here a will of the deceased, three years later than the one in your possession. It was properly signed and attested in the presence of myself and partner. It is dated, you see, the February of last year. The deceased died in October."

In this will, so tardy in turning up, the deceased had left all his money to the Latimers, and all his china, etchings, etc., to the Fitzsimmonses—subject, however, to a payment of ten years' arrears of rent for the chambers in the Adelphi, and several large donations to orphan asylums. The residue—£14 8*s.* 4*d.*—was only paid to indignant Mr. Fitzsimmons, who heaped his feeble spite upon the memory of the late Godfrey Dodson, Esq.

VI.—A SIMILE.

"My dear Jane," said the Rev. Mr. Latimer the other night, laying down a book on "The Claret Country" that he had been reading—for he has given up catchup and logwood now, and is curious in his wines—"I have found out an excellent simile for Uncle Godfrey. When a vineyard proprietor wants to get specially good Clos Vougeot he places the wine out night after night in the frost. This, by degrees, crystallizes all the watery part of the wine in the outer crust, which is daily removed and thrown away. The real soul and essence of the wine, however, remains in the centre, in an unfrozen kernel, which is highly valued. In Uncle Godfrey's heart, my love, there was hoarded up, in the same manner, the purer essence, far, far from the outer crust of ice."

HOW ENGLISH WORKING-PEOPLE LIVE.

Nothing can be more surprising to the American people than the extreme indigency and physical degeneracy of the British working-people. Mr. Kay's work on the Social Condition and Education of the People in England, published last year in England, and reprinted in this country, made some remarkable disclosures, bearing especially upon the moral condition of these people. At the close of his work Mr. Kay says: "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain."

The medical officer of the Privy Council in England is required to submit annually a report of the proceedings of that body. This duty has devolved upon Mr. John Simon, whose series of reports for the last four years is a harmonized body of practical information on the causes and distribution of disease. His last report, for 1864, is full of interesting and important truth respecting the amount and kind of food taken by the working-classes. As Mr. Kay's book related to the causes leading to moral degeneracy, this report is concerned chiefly with those which conduce to physical deterioration.

For the purposes of investigation inquiry was made in only a few households which seemed to be fair samples of their class. The inquirer set out with this theory; namely, that to prevent starvation or the diseases connected with it, a woman must have in her food daily 3900 grains of carbon and 180 of nitrogen, or as much nourishment as is contained in a half quartern loaf of bread. A man wants one-ninth more.

Forty-two families of silk-weavers were examined, and it was found that these did not quite come up to this *minimum* standard; and thirty-one families of needle-women, who fell very far short; and of farm-laborers' families more than one-third were below the mark. Of course this sacrifice of appetite would be made after every other sort of sacrifice had been made, after necessary clothing and fuel had been dispensed with.

It was found among silk-weavers and twisters that, while over twelve pounds of bread were necessary to each adult, little more than nine were eaten. By buying food in pennyworths a great deal of money was wasted. The children working away from home, instead of taking with them dinner prepared by the mother, are supplied with three halfpence or two-pence a day dinner-money, which they spend at a cook-shop; usually a penny upon pudding and a half-penny upon potatoes. When they spend two-pence, they are permitted to sit down and have a little gravy or fat added to their meal.

Of all classes the needle-women fare the worst. They take to their calling when every other resource fails, and their average income is below four shillings (less than one dollar) per week; sometimes, too, they are out of employment. They use a little over an ounce of tea per day, into which they rarely put milk. Of meat some buy two ounces daily; others a quarter of a pound of cooked meat three times a week, and twice that amount on Sunday.

Glove-stitchers, in order to earn five shillings and sixpence a week, are compelled to work from six in the morning until eleven at night; and even children between nine and fourteen years of age are kept all day at this employment.

As a general result of the inquiry among all these classes, it appeared that of bread the needle-women ate least, the shoemakers most; that of the persons interrogated in all classes, only four—three of them being kid-glovers—went wholly without sugar, the kid-glovers generally using least sugar, the needle-women and stocking-makers most; the balance of carbon in the diet being readjusted in these cases by an exactly reverse proportion in the use of butter. Only in five of the whole number of cases was there no meat at all eaten, and the five were all found among the silk-weavers of Macclesfield and Coventry. But twenty in every hundred ate butchers' meat in no appreciable quantity, preferring to use bacon. Beer of the ordinary strength was found to be drunk very generally by the silk-weavers of London, and by the shoemakers, and a very weak beer by the stocking-makers of parts of Derbyshire. In half the families who were taken as fair types of the condition of the poorer laboring class, beer formed no part of the household dietary.

In the case of outdoor laborers, where there is not much meat used, it is all cooked for the Sunday's dinner, usually the only one at which the whole family is collected and sits at rest together in unwonted ease. What is left from the Sunday dinner is on the following week-days the husband's, and whether he take it with him bit by bit to his daily dinner in the fields, or eat it at home, it is his, as a matter of course, ungrudged. The household faith is "that the husband wins the bread, and must have the best food." His physical well-being is the prop of the house. If he have eaten up his remainder of meat or bacon by the middle of the week, and there be butter or cheese, he takes that for his dinner at the close of the week, and the wife and children at home are then reduced to dry bread, which is converted into a hot meal by the use of tea.

Of course this state of affairs is a great hindrance to marriage. A man alone can subsist comfortably, and the temptation to remain single is reluctantly overcome, when by marrying he is certain to deprive himself of food absolutely necessary to health. The farm-laborer, apart from a family, is adequately fed, long lived, and little troubled with sickness. When he takes his meals at the farm-house, his risk in the way of diet is from over-feeding. He has usually four meals a day—meat and bacon once, twice, and even three times a day; milk twice a day; puddings or pies three times a day in Devon, and usually daily elsewhere; beer also or cider. In Yorkshire he is found to get cheese-cakes and custards almost daily at breakfast and dinner, or even to take an hour's nap after dinner. He objects to mutton because it is fat, and throws the fat under the table. Living in this sumptuous manner, he will put off as far as possible the evil day which shall bring poverty and starvation. Comment upon this state of society is needless, but it is with gratitude that we compare the happiness of our own working-people with that of the English poor. The emigrant bound for America, even in these troublous times, may well be regarded as both wise and prudent.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Paris *Punch* (*Charivari*) is poking the British lion between the ribs. A late cartoon shows old Lady Albion, with her trident laid over her shoulder, leading her lion by the mane. Another old woman, meeting her, reminds her of the police regulations during the dog-days, and asks why Leo is not muzzled. "Oh no!" says my lady, "it is quite unnecessary; the poor thing has not a tooth left."

A counsel being asked by a judge "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am *concerned* for the plaintiff, my lord, but I am employed by the defendant."

"Wouldn't you call this the calf of a leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Jim: "I should say it was the leg of a calf."

Legal Problem.—Find the amount of a judge's "charge" to a jury, and the "summing-up" of the evidence. The answer to be given in "figures of speech."

"For want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

"Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Jim, I really forget now; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes to an exchange as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do—with an old shoe—to the boy's benefit.

"See here, my friend, you are drunk." "Drunk, to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures, while I set a frightful example."

The man who smoked in bed on his wedding-night was sarcastically informed by his bride that "no gentleman ever lighted his cigar at the torch of Hymen."

"Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" we ventured to ask of a gentleman the other evening. "Yes, I like 'em roasted, with salt on 'em," was the response. "No; but I mean, have you read Hogg's tales?" "No, indeed," said he, "our hogs are all white or black. I don't think there is a red one among them."

A musical genius in Dunkirk, France, is educating a collection of poultry in music. He has already taught a beautiful drake to sing like a canary, and is now at work reforming the "chucks, chucks" of a turkey into something of a sweeter sound.

Every man is involuntarily original in at least one thing—his manner of sneezing.

Love and bad weather are things we had better keep out of if we can.

It is easy to tell a hard drinker—his offense is always *brandied* on the end of his nose.

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

The ladies are so vain of their hair that they are proud of getting it into the papers.

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a shop. "Yes," was the laconic reply. "Well, I wish you'd *re-tail* my dog; he had it bit off about a week ago!"

How opinions vary regarding Queen Bess!
  How her enemies rail, and her friends loudly puff her!
But this may be said of her temper and dress,
  Her *collar* was *ruff*, and her *choler* was rougher.

At a wedding recently, when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

News from the Nursery.—The child who cried for an hour, one day lately, didn't get it.

There is a very immense force hidden in a very sweet command.

Which is at once the easiest and hardest of occupations?—The musician's; for he plays when he works, and works when he plays.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge, replied, "I have done worse! I have suffered myself to be apprehended."

An artist, showing one of his pictures to a critic, said, "It is only an outline, you know." "I should think so," replied the critic; "*every line is out!*"

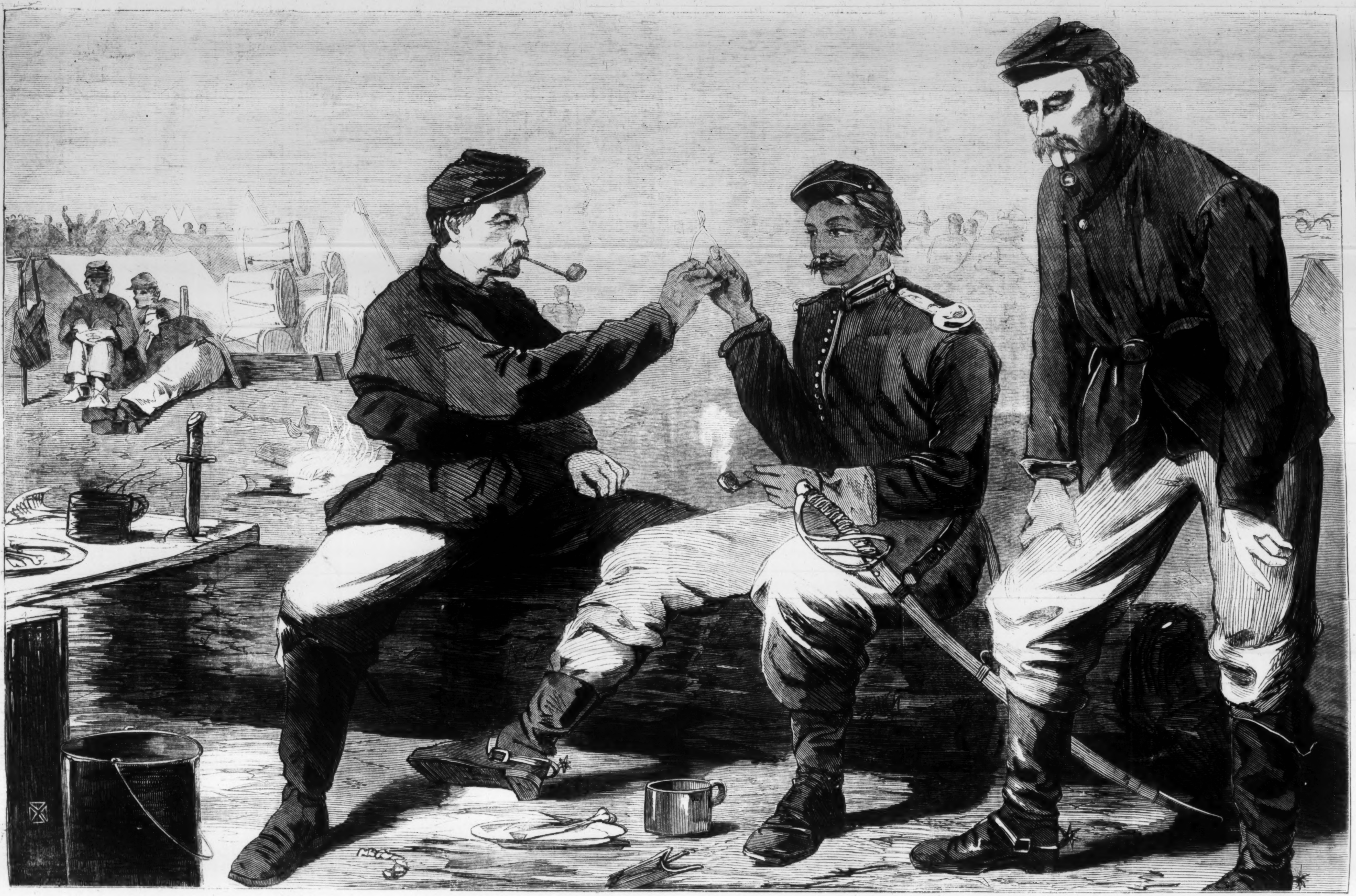
A lady is said to have asked a photographer the other day if he could photograph a picture from recollection.

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making."

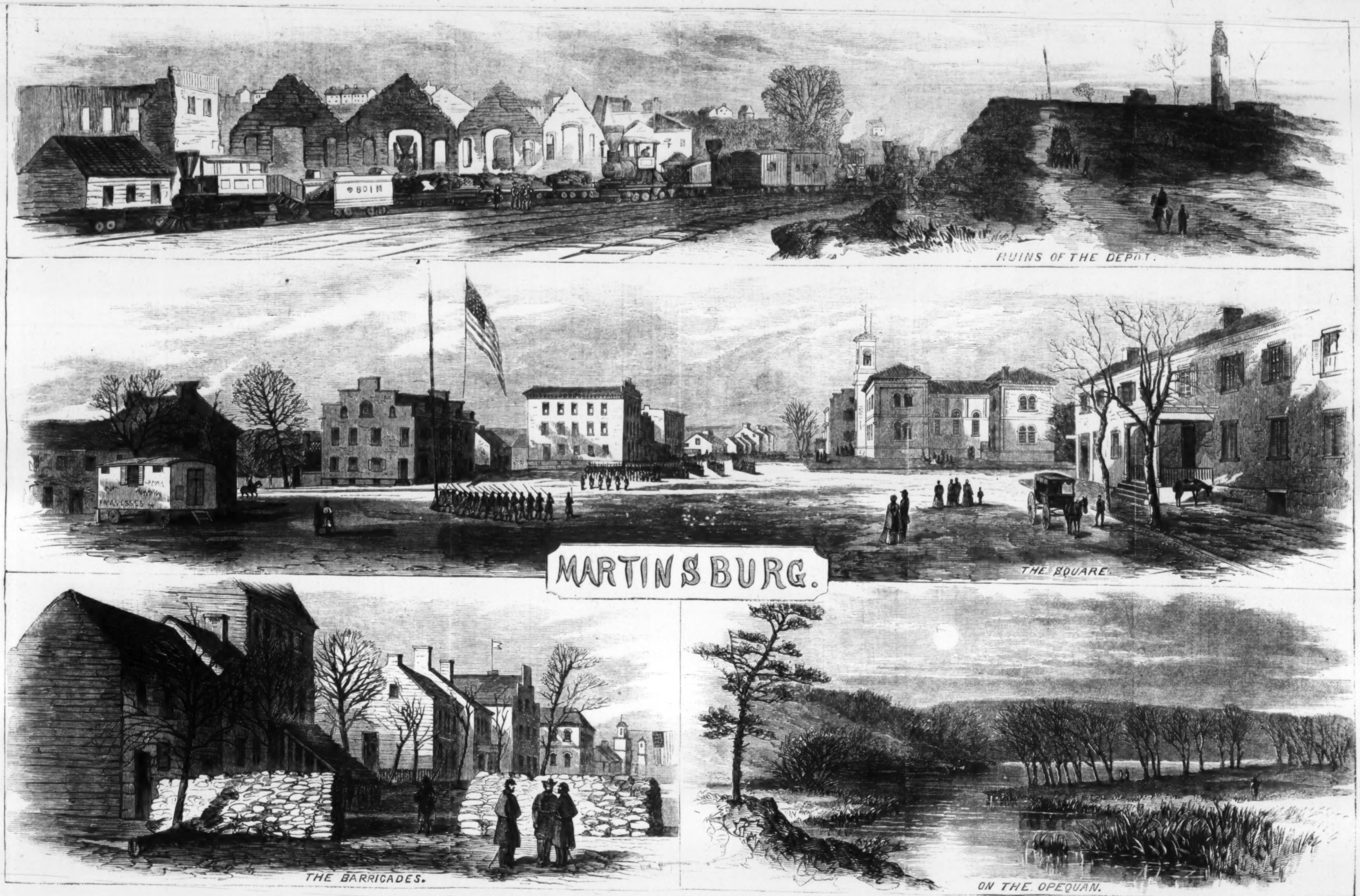
Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes gold-dust is the most blinding.

A "Wear-your-last-Winter-Over-coat Club" has been formed in New York.

Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.



THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE ARMY.—AFTER DINNER: THE WISH-BONE.—[Drawn by W. Homer.]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THE SQUARE.
THE BARRICADES.
ON THE OPEQUAN.

VIEWS IN AND AROUND MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

WE have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have prosecuted this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best musical critics, composers, and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools, and families have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations. —*New York Christian Advocate.*

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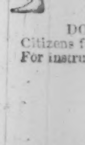

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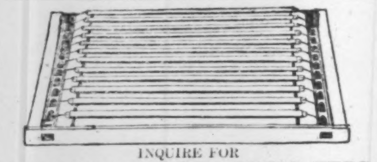

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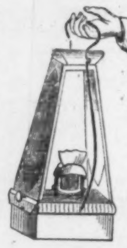

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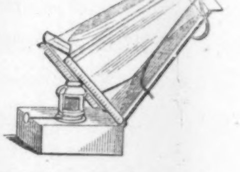

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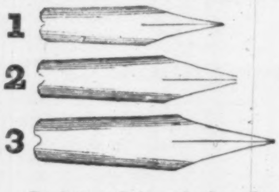

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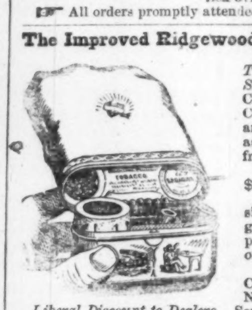

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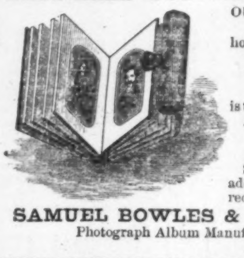

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The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

List of Lands and Property.

FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells; and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

SECOND.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Blower," or air-pump, can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known to us as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

FOURTH.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

FIFTH.—A lot of oil land in fee simple, cotaining seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Alleghany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil on the adjoining lot.

SEVENTH.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre, more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing three hundred barrels a day.

EIGHTH.—One-thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delameter wells.

NINTH.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

ELEVENTH.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newton Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for their lumber, being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at $25 per thousand feet at the mill.]

FOURTEENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead, and Dinsmore Wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

NINETEENTH.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and being good oil land for its whole extent.

TWENTIETH.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as Lot No. 8. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker-rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse-power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show.

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield 1000 gallons a day. The business instantly received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest were at once attracted.

The Oil lands are found in Western Pennsylvania, Northeastern and Southeastern Ohio, Northeastern Kentucky, and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions for the last six years lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts that, in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg alone, two hundred and fifty Petroleum Companies are in operation, and quoted in market reports, and that the Petroleum raised during the past year in Western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for *Twenty-five Million Dollars.*

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, *October* 10, 1864.

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, &c.:

"DEAR SIR,—

* * * * "I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake Well, the Sherman Well, the Noble Well, and the Story Farm Wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the Creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass mowers that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's Well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge; but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means, I am satisfied. I can only add that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Yours very respectfully, GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

All communications should be addressed to the Company, "New York City P. O., Box 368."

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